





STAN LEE PRESENTS



BILL MANTLO, SCRIPTER



AL MILGROM, PENCILS



JIM MOONEY, INKS



JOE ROSEN, LETTERS



BOB SHAREN, COLORS



TOM DEFALCO, EDITOR



JIM SHOOTER, CHIEF

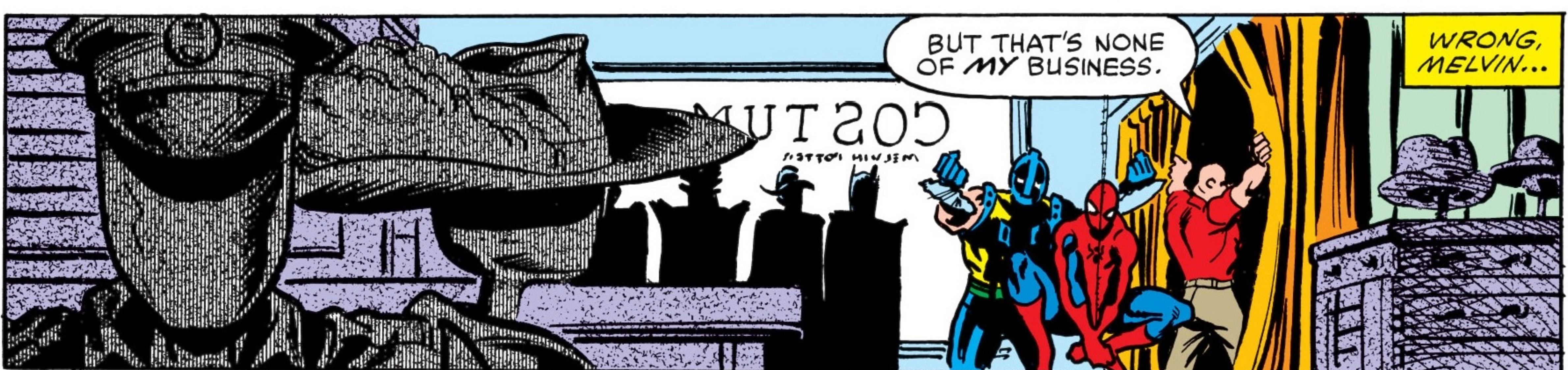
THE SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-MAN
IN...
RELAPSE TIMES TWO!

WITHIN THE LITTLE MASQUERADE SHOP, THE DARKNESS IS SO DENSE, THE SILENCE SO PALPABLE, IT SEEMS AS IF NOTHING COULD PENETRATE IT...

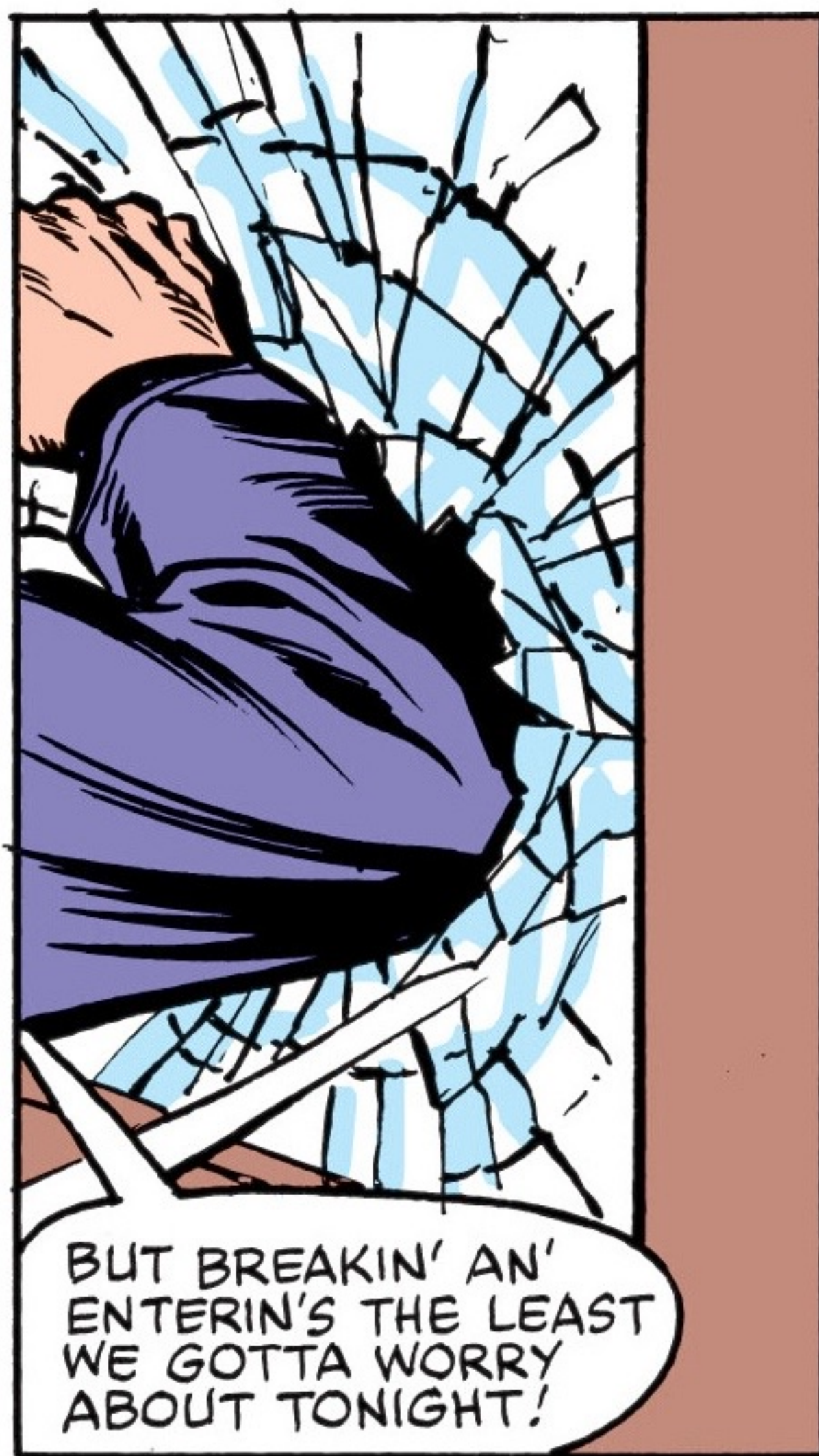
KAPOW!
POW!
TIME?
PROPRIETOR

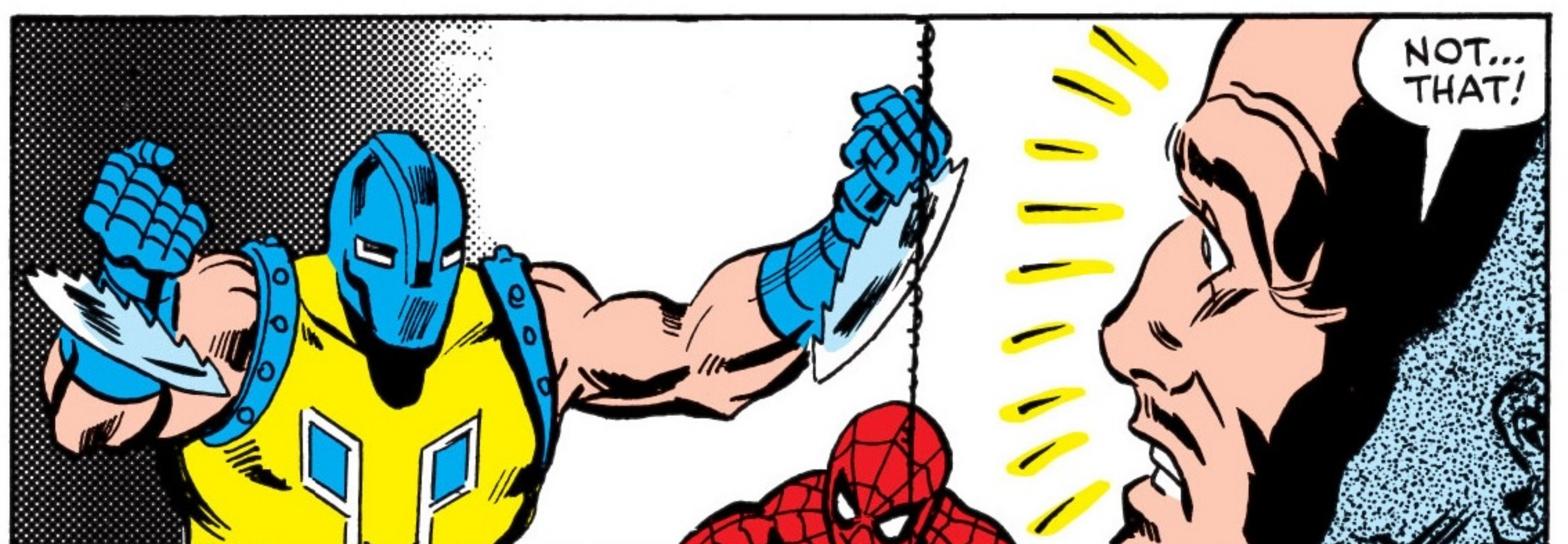
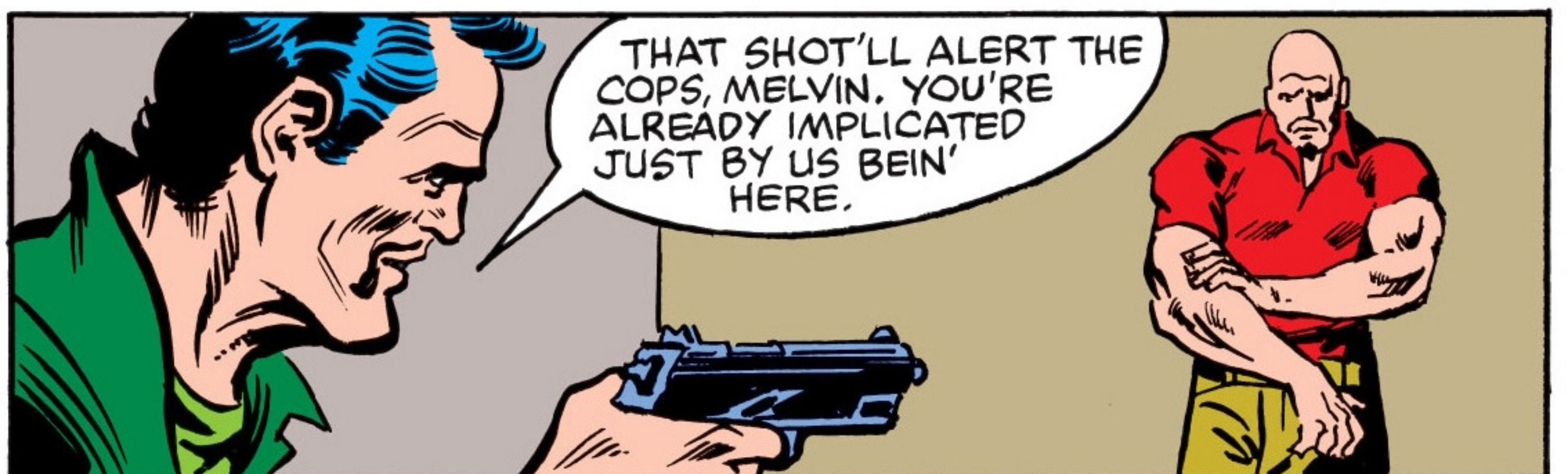
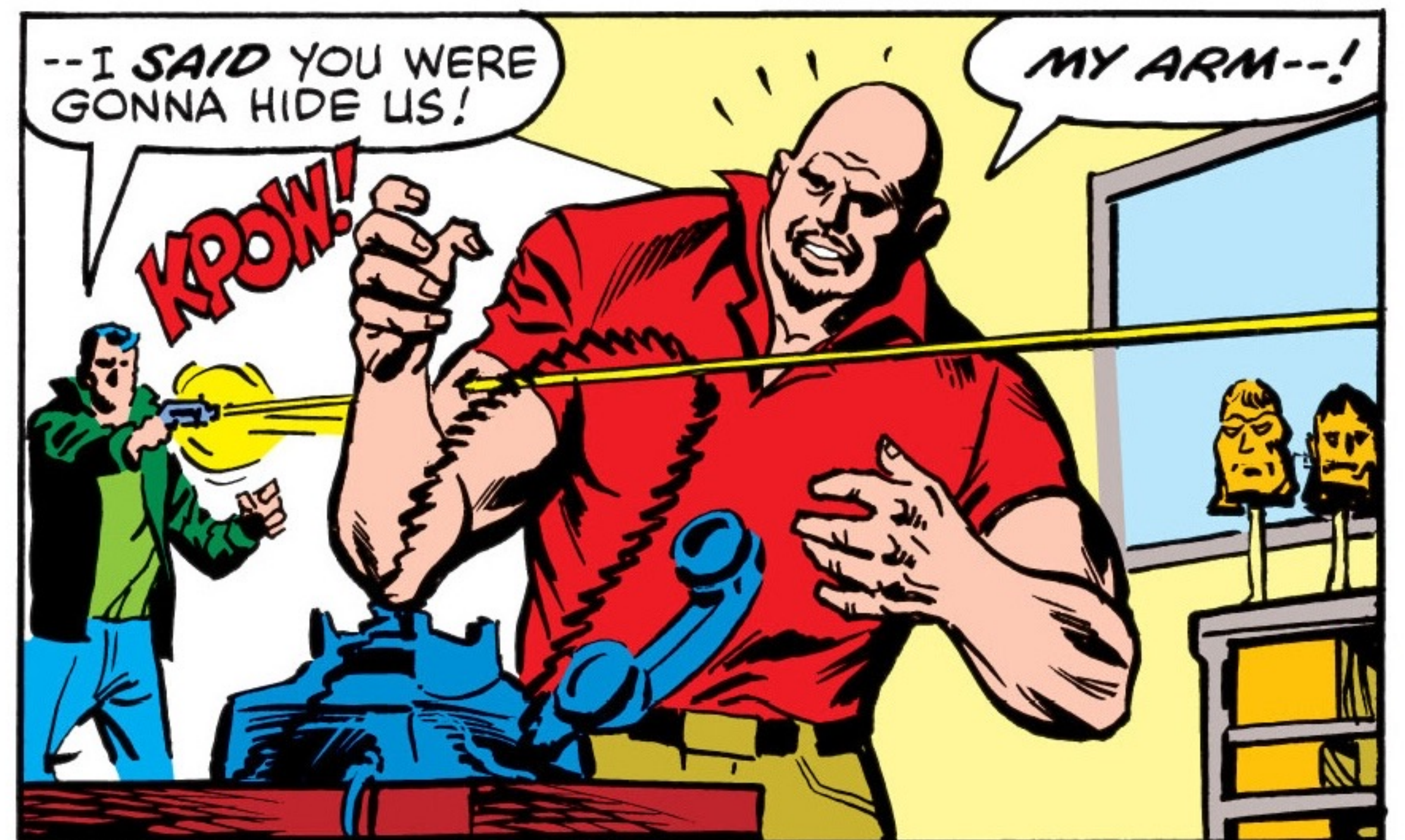
NOTHING, THAT IS, SAVE THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS!

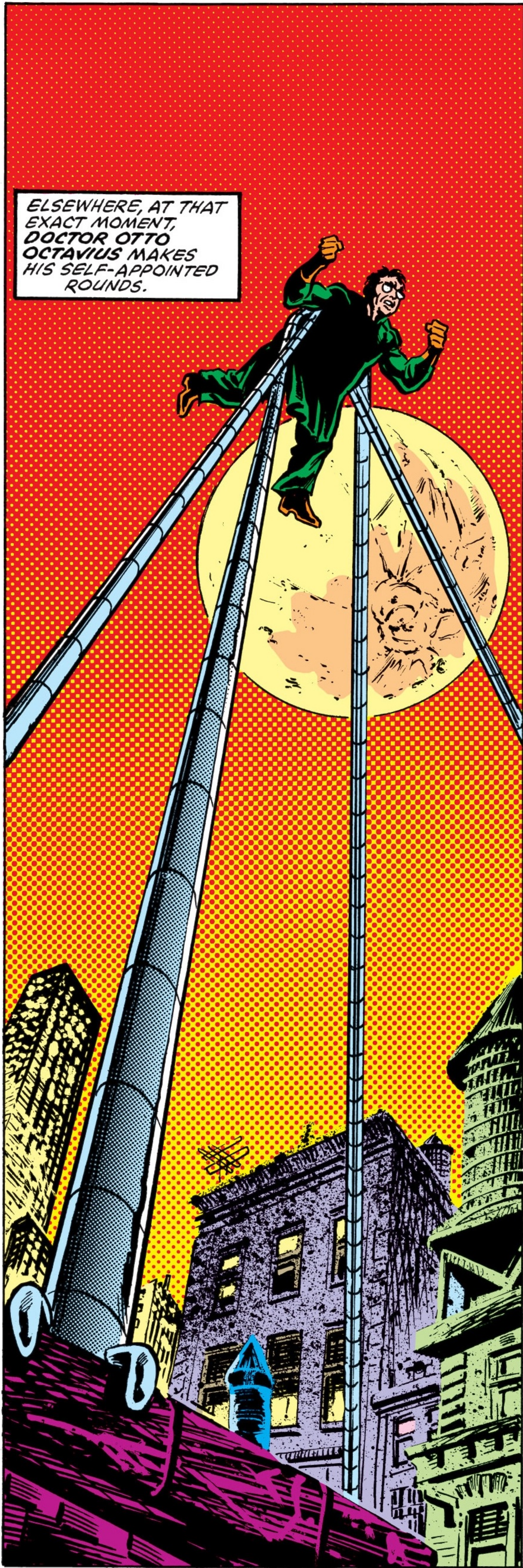




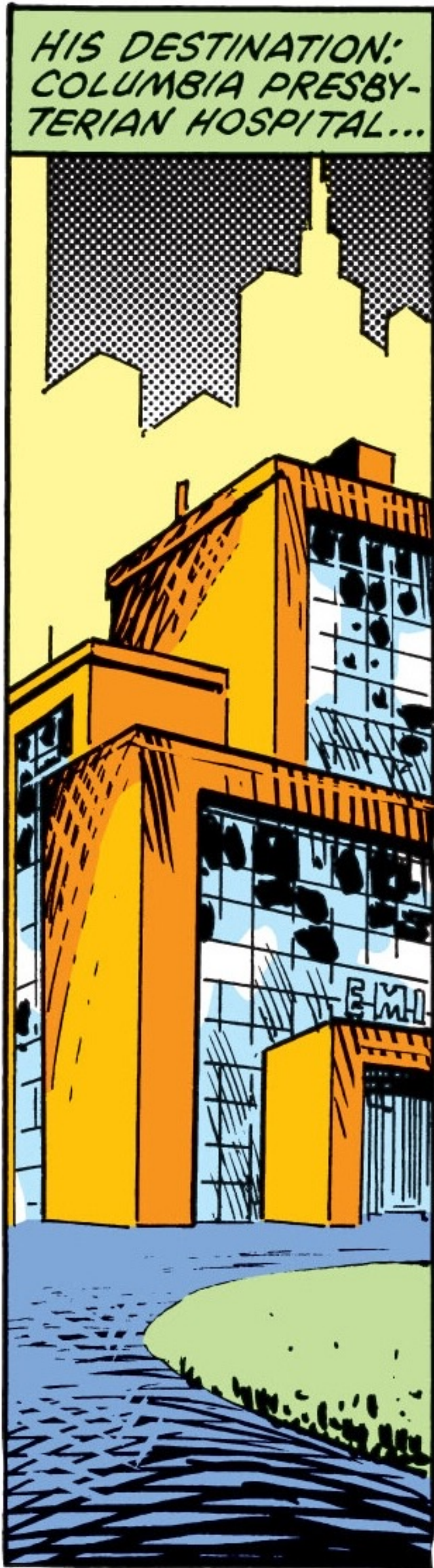








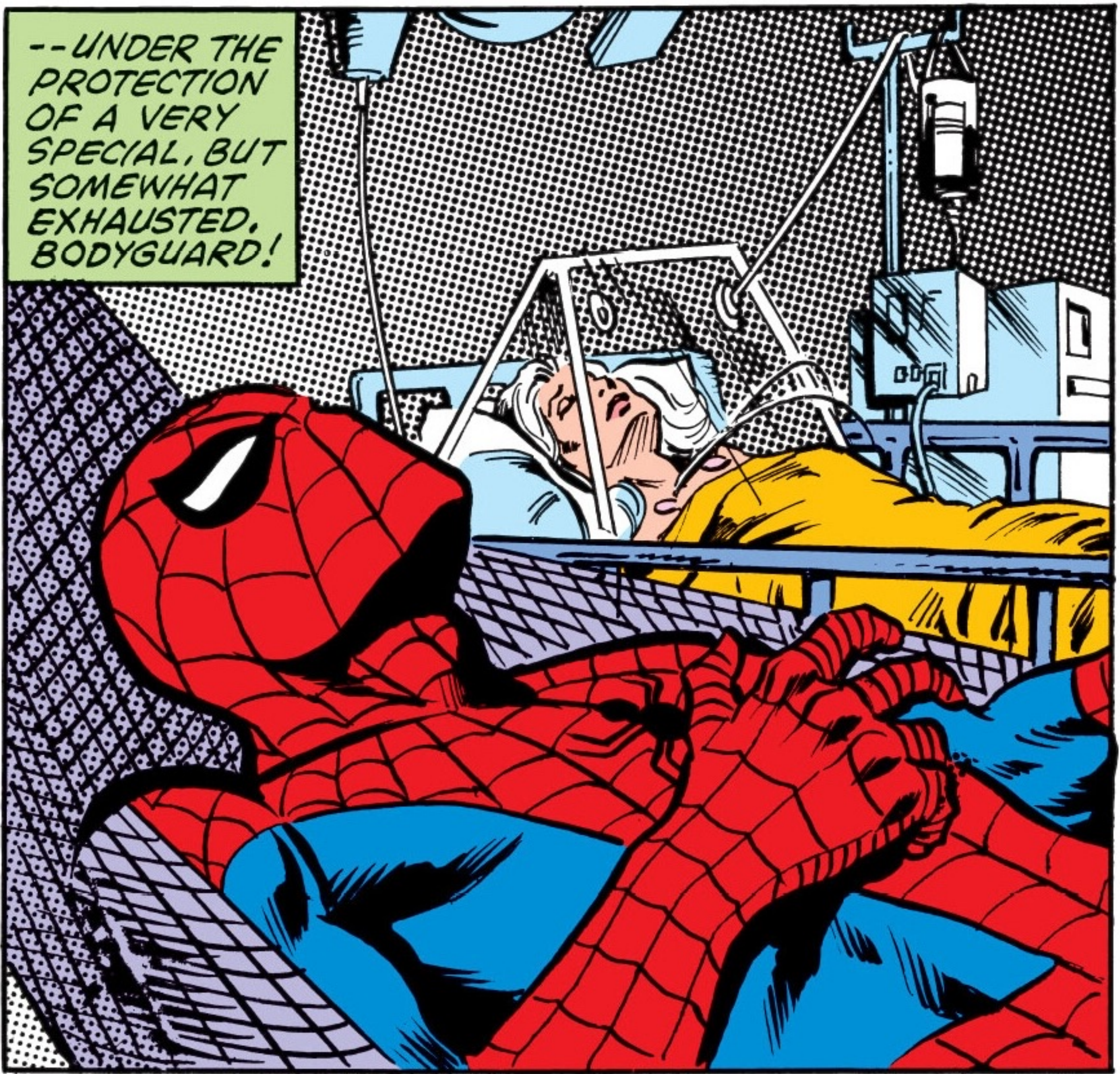
ELSEWHERE, AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, DOCTOR OTTO OCTAVIUS MAKES HIS SELF-APPOINTED ROUNDS.



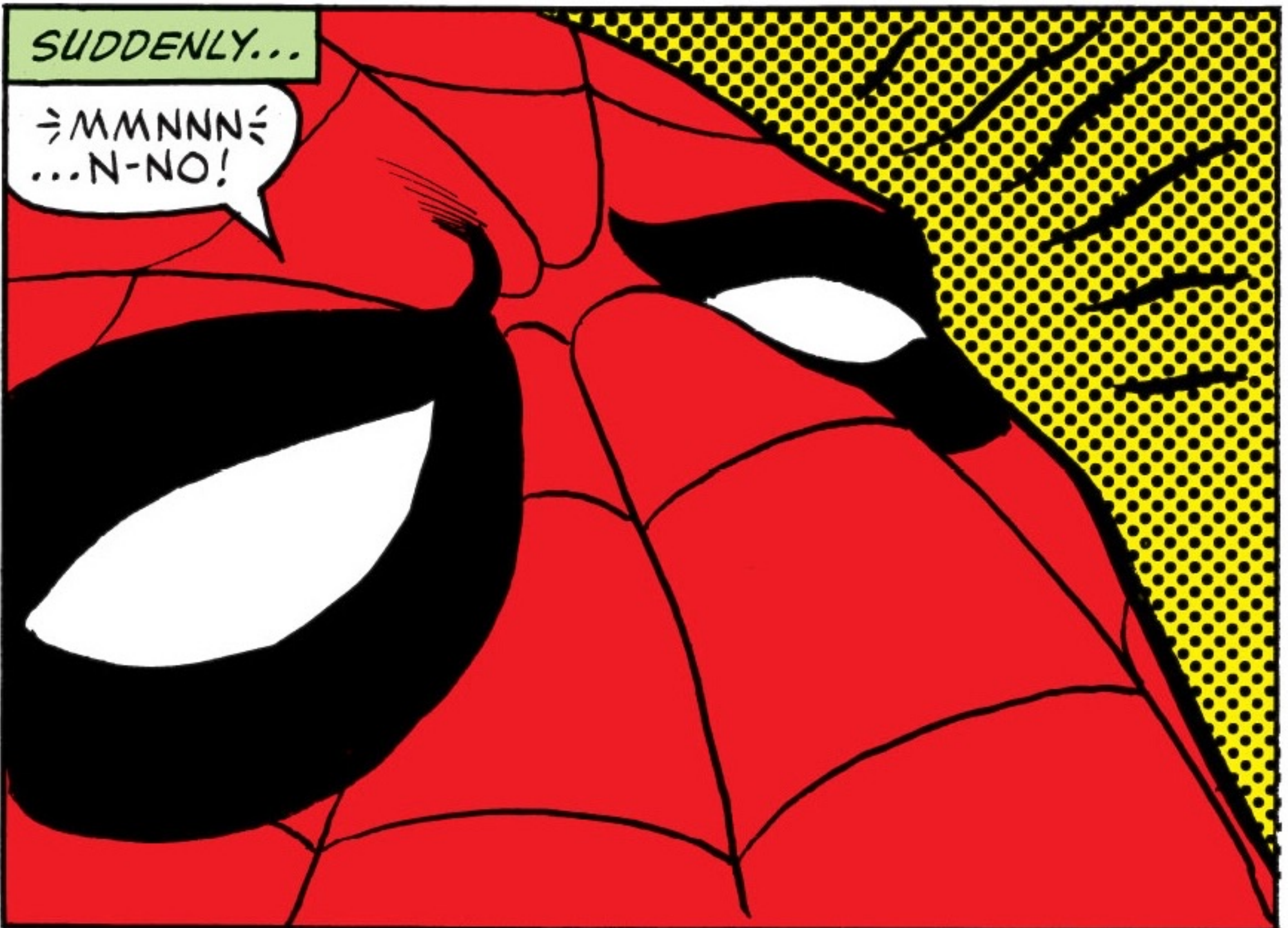
HIS DESTINATION: COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL...



...WHERE A CERTAIN FELICIA HARDY RECUPERATES FROM SOME VERY SEVERE WOUNDS--

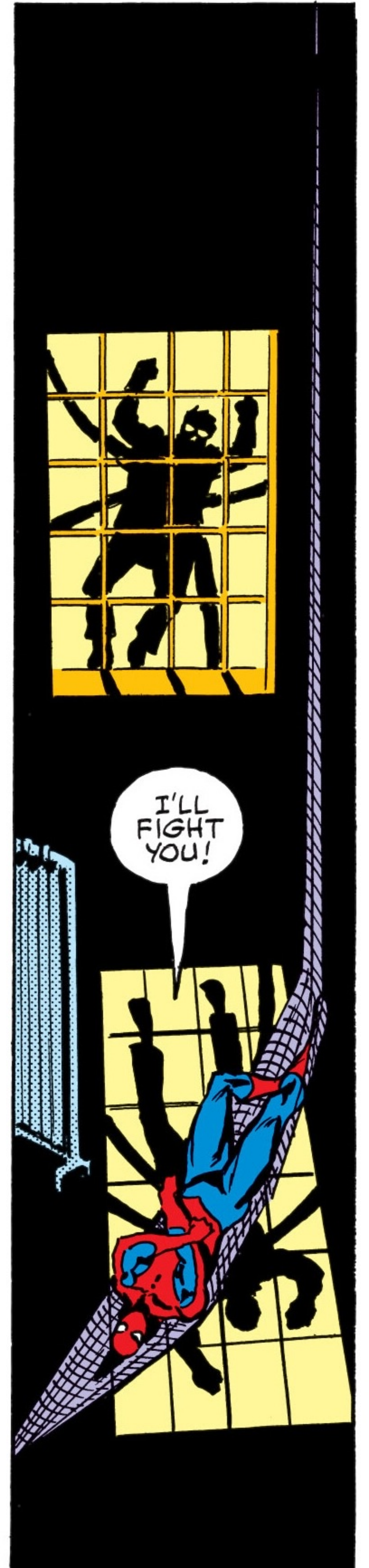
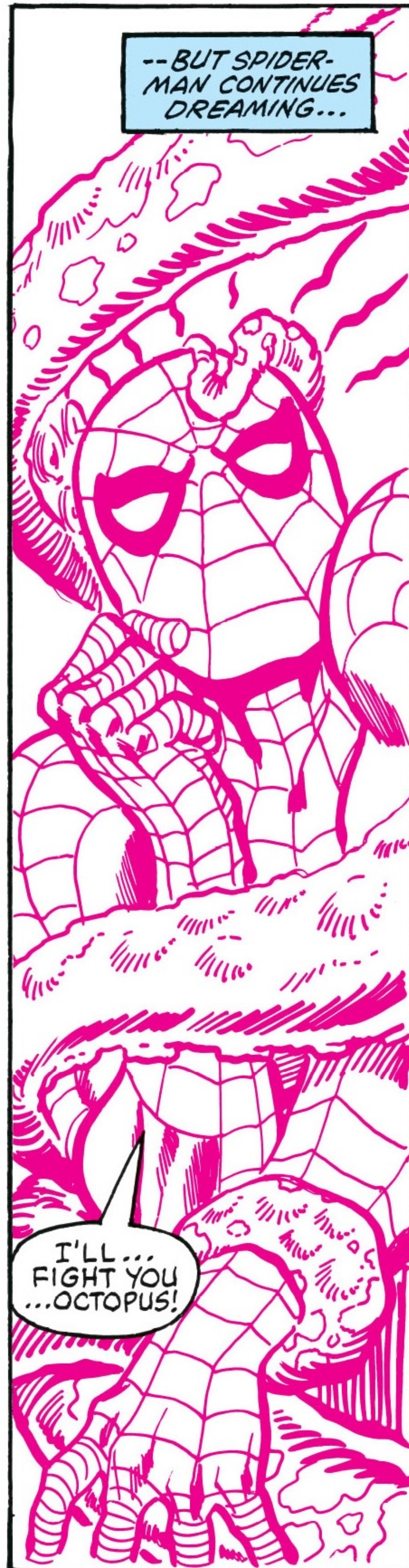
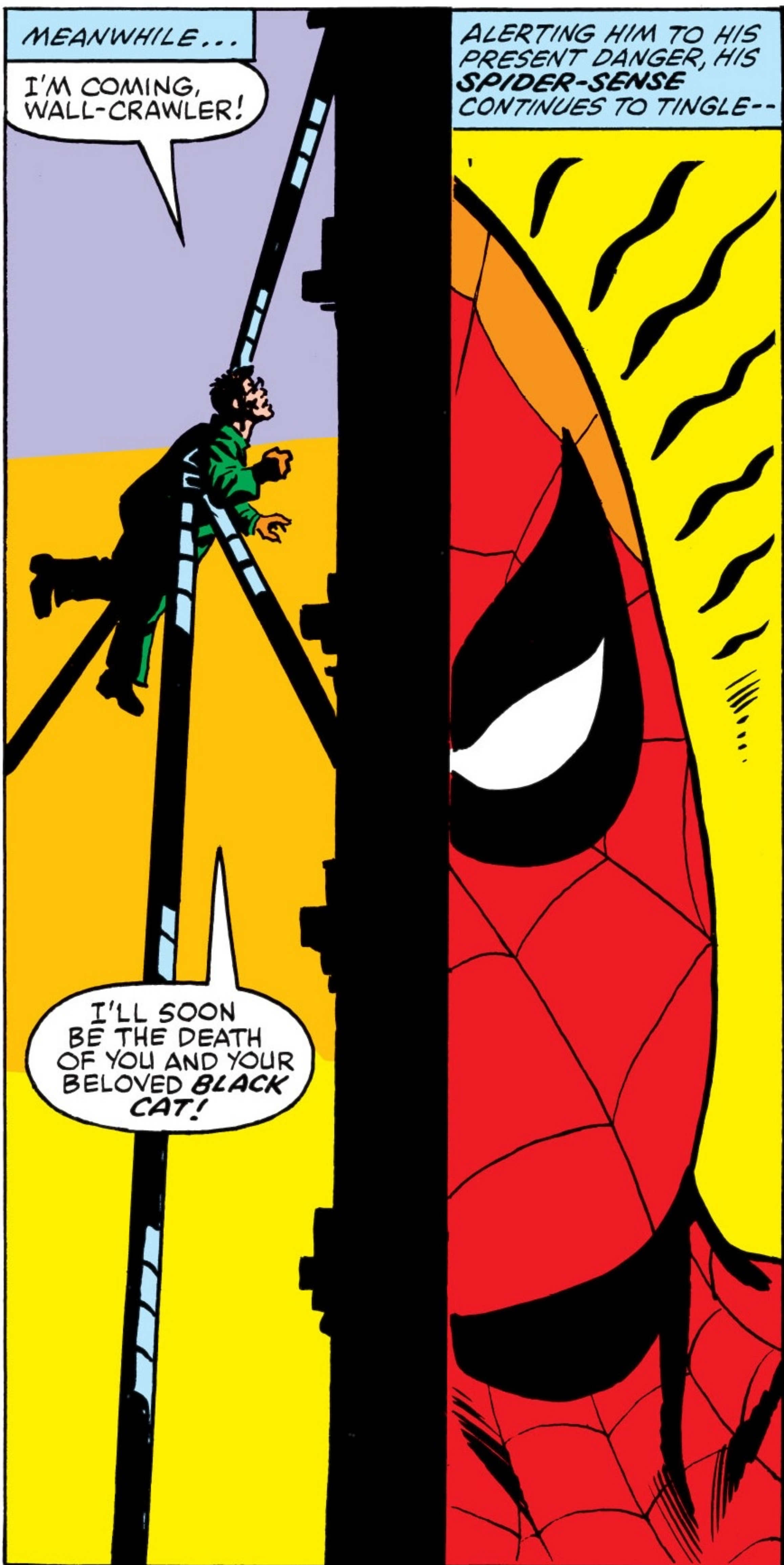


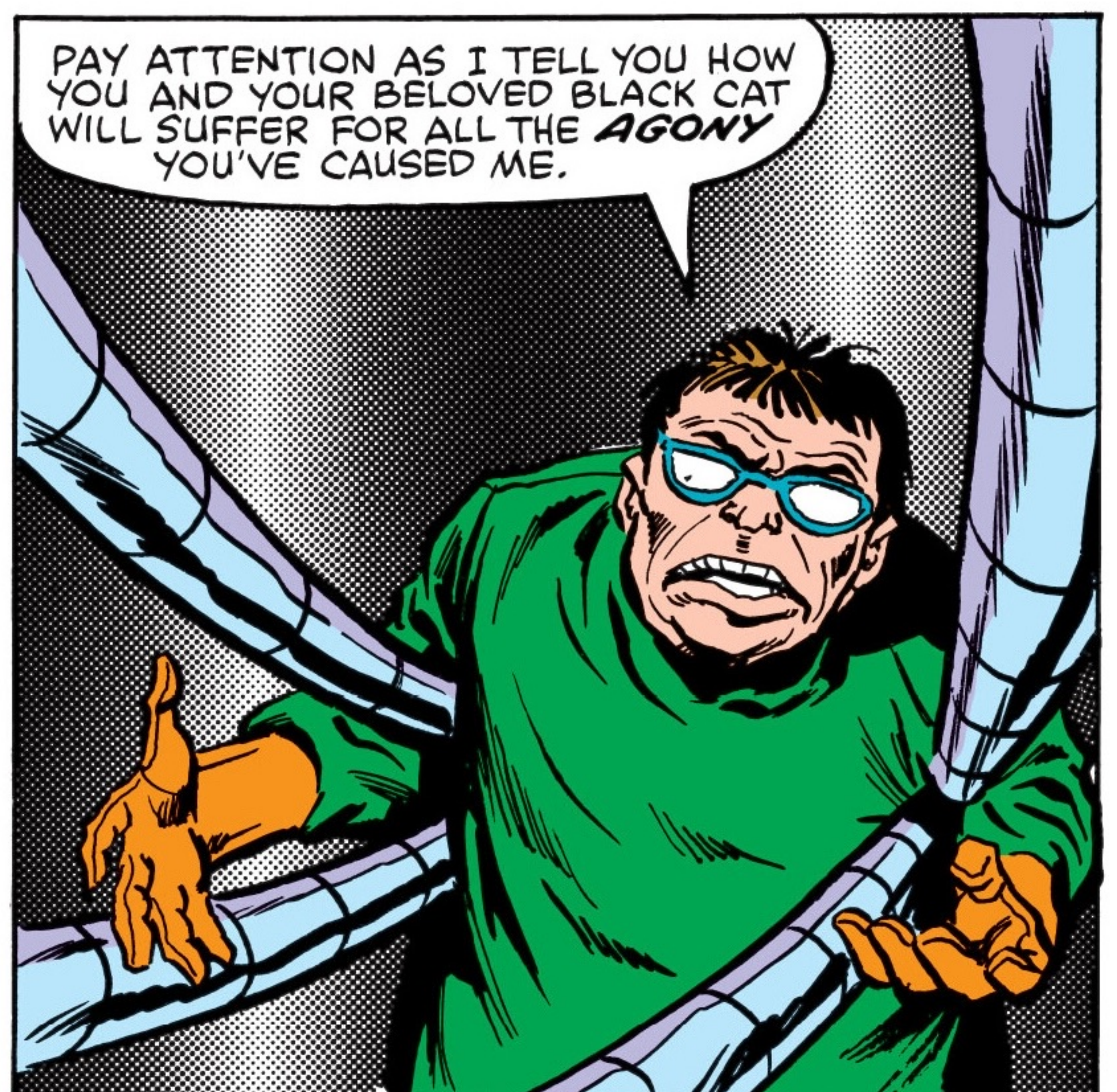
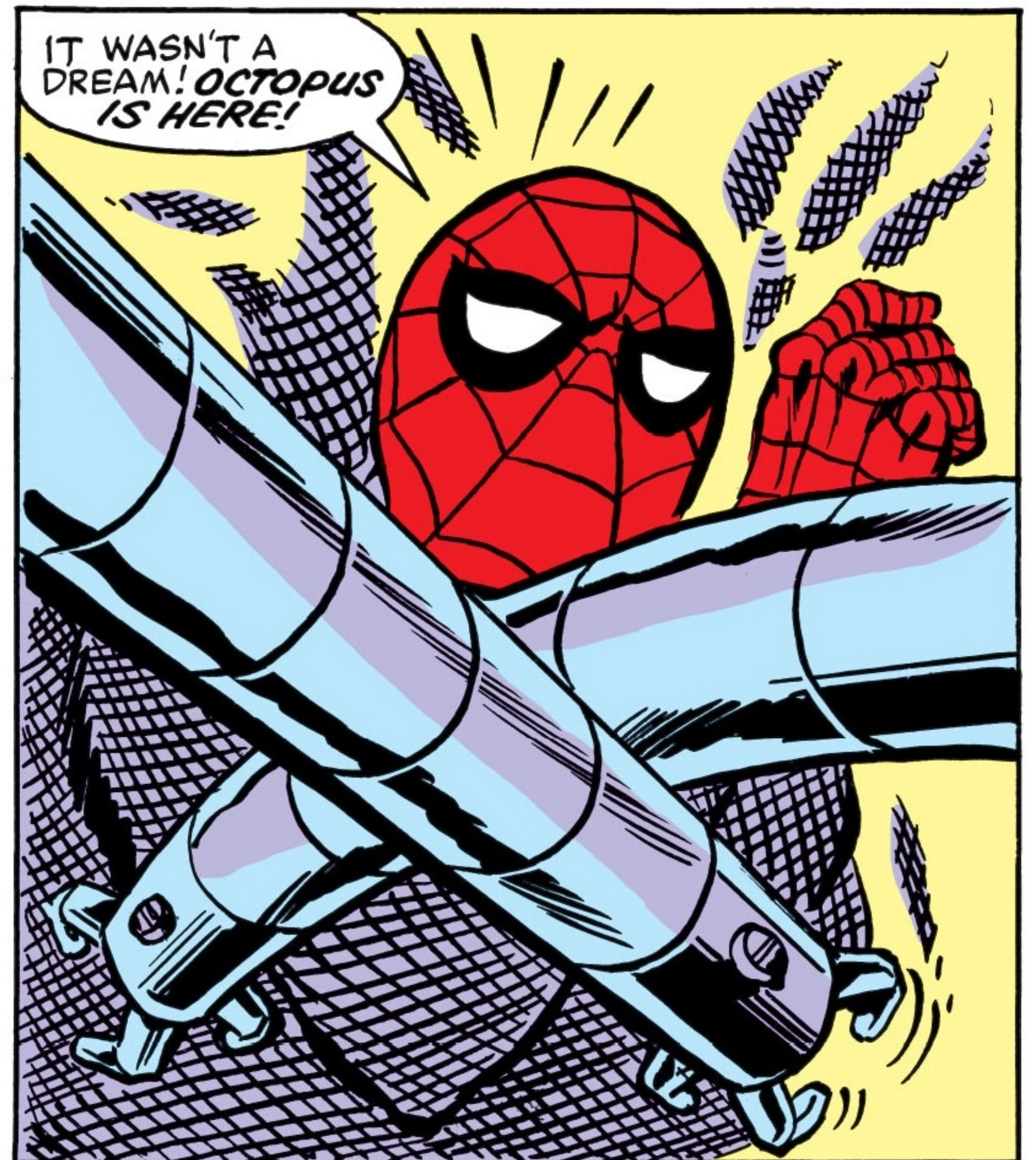
--UNDER THE PROTECTION OF A VERY SPECIAL, BUT SOMEWHAT EXHAUSTED, BODYGUARD!

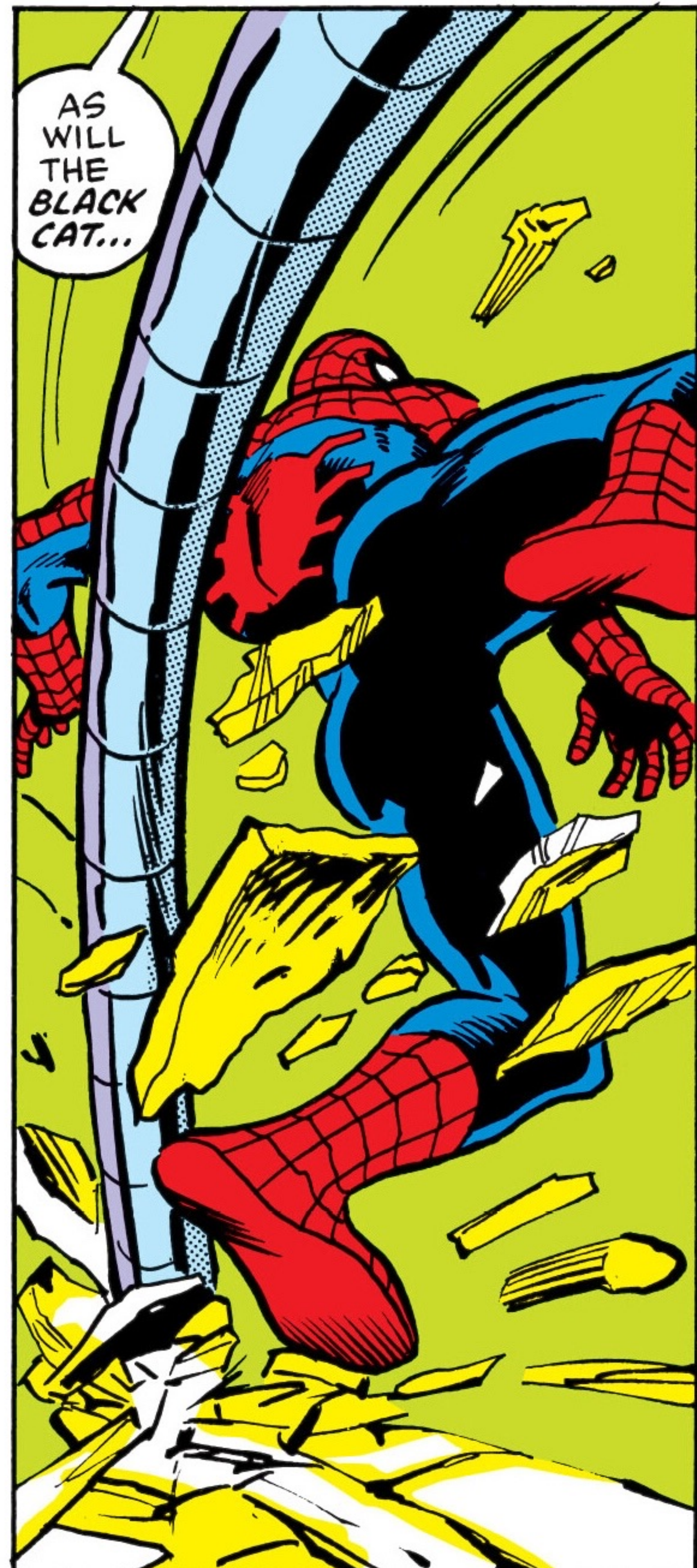
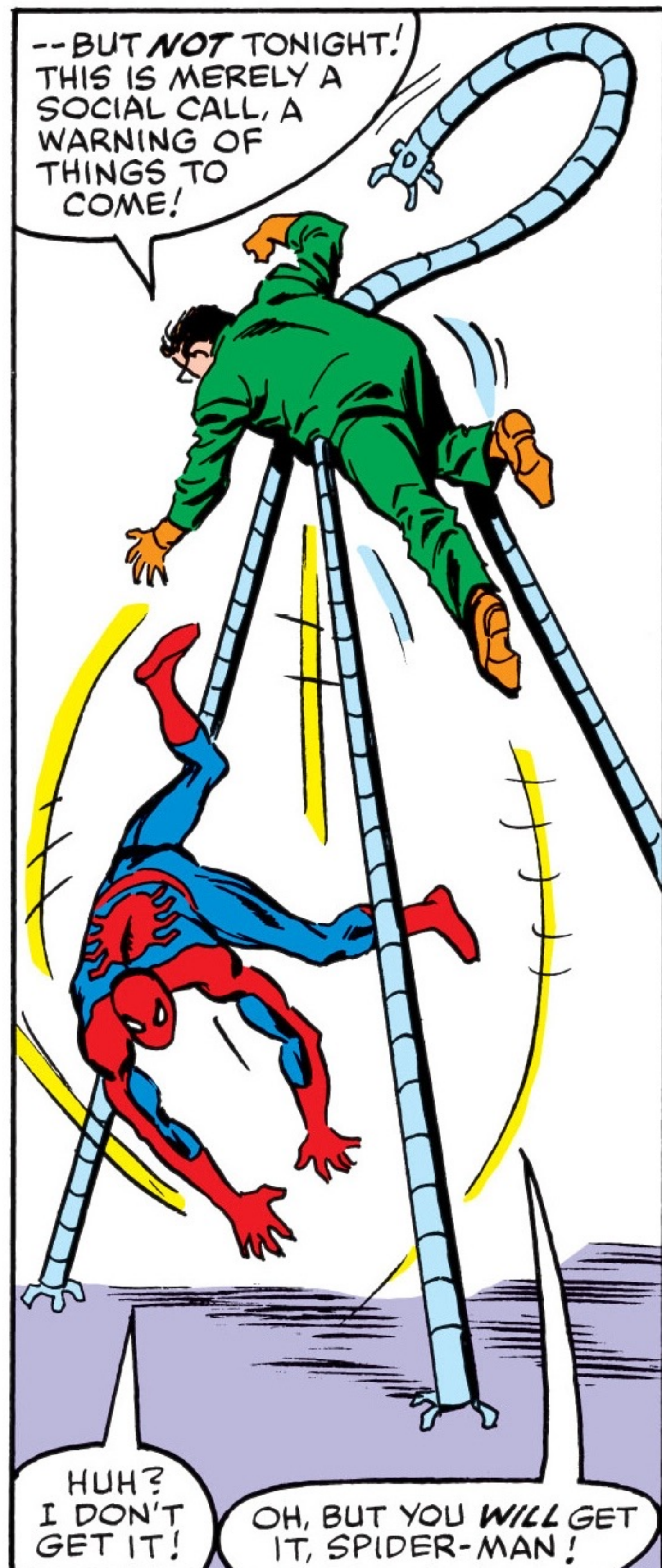
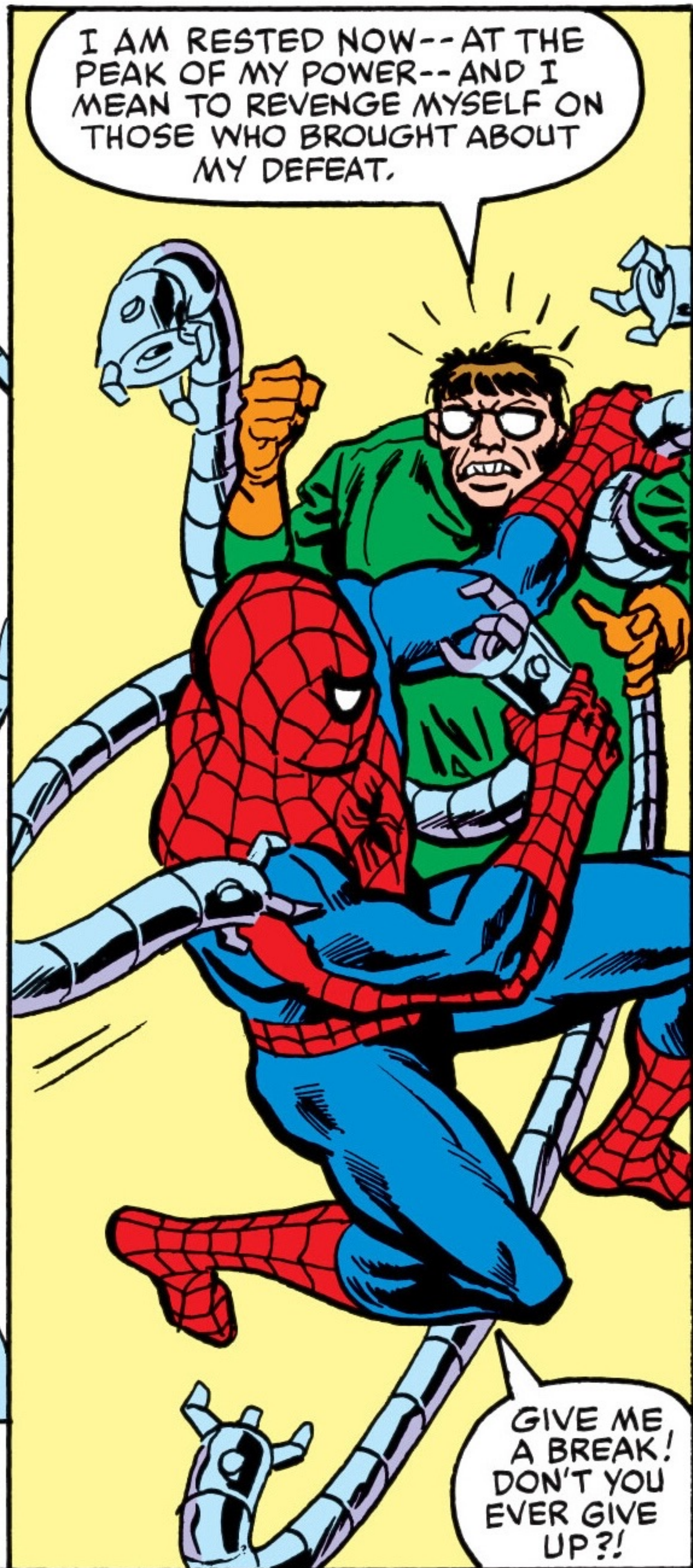
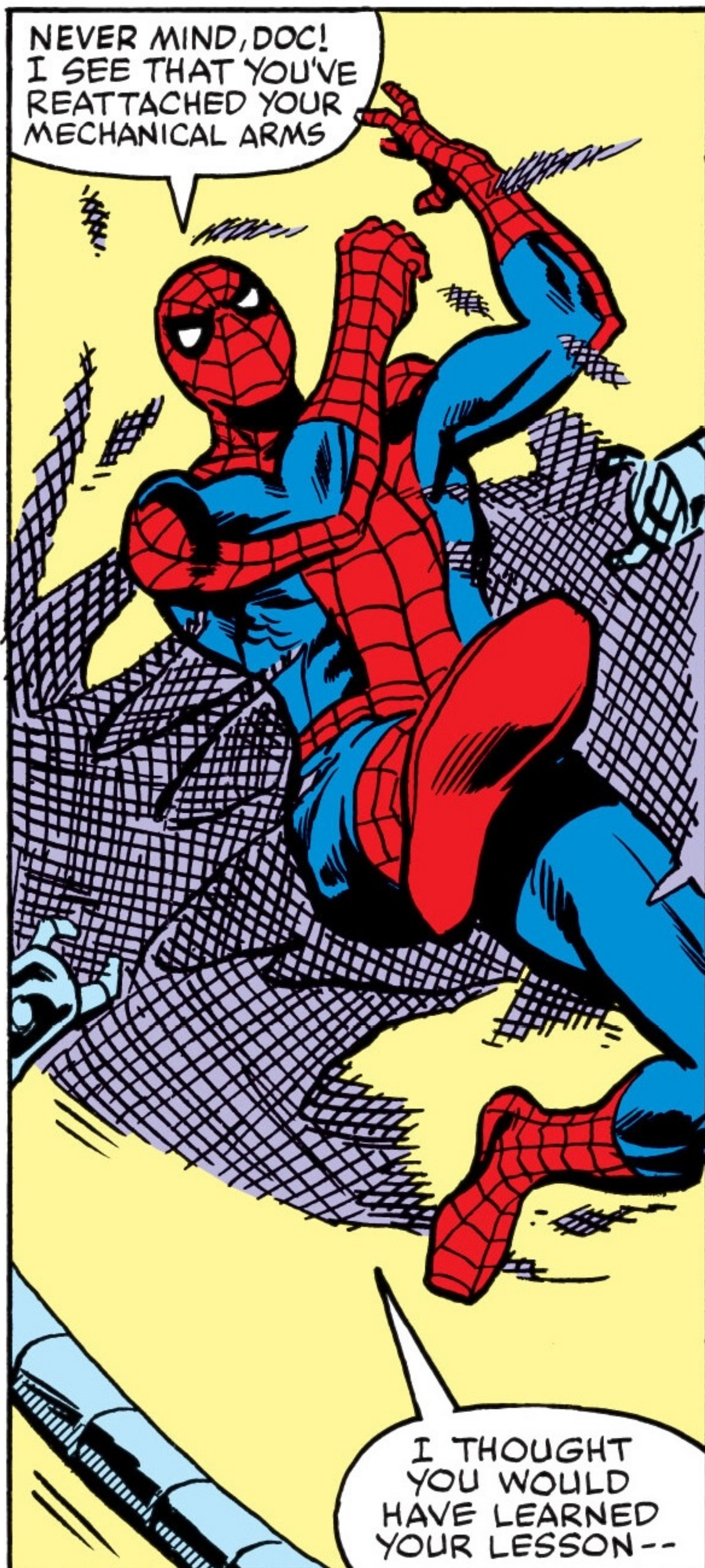


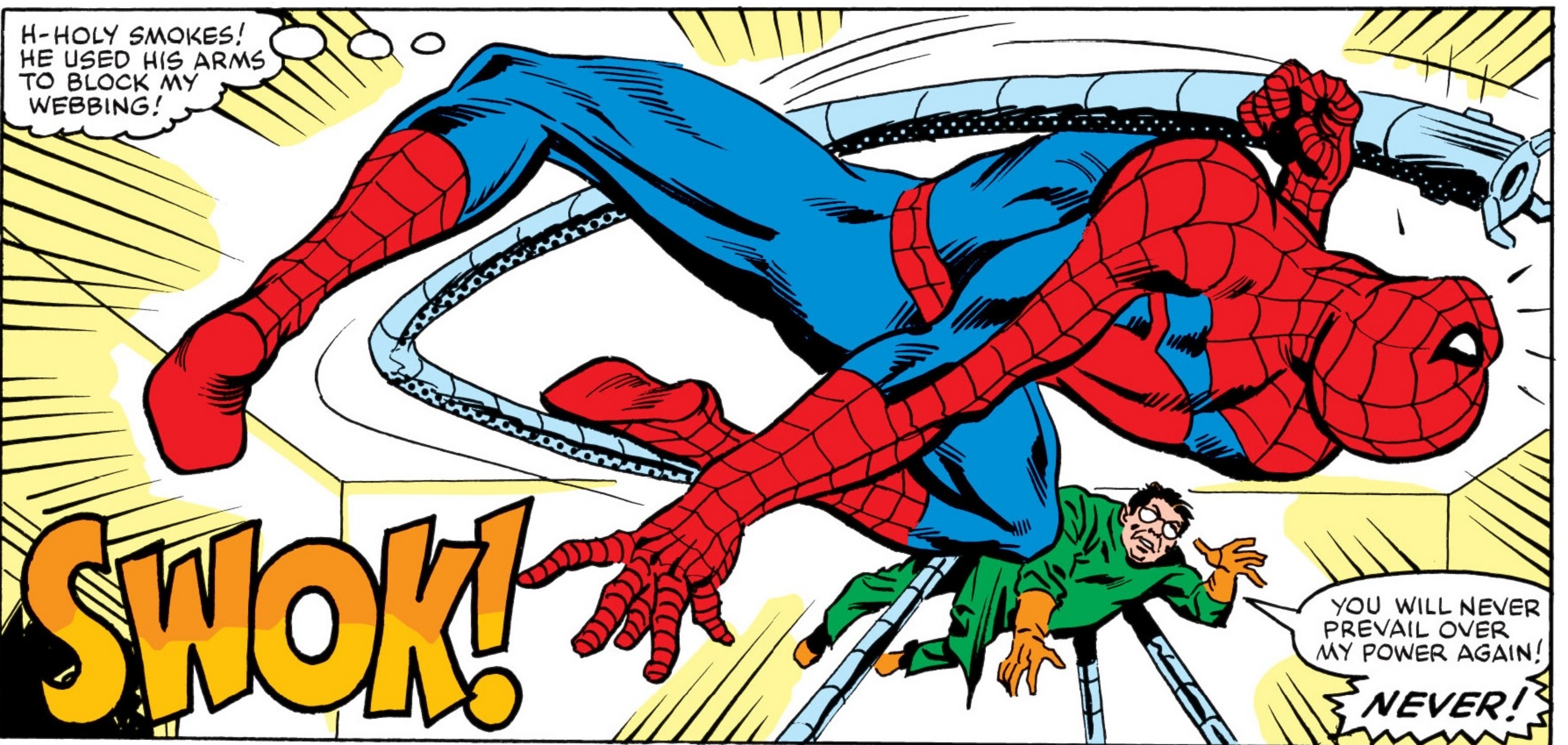
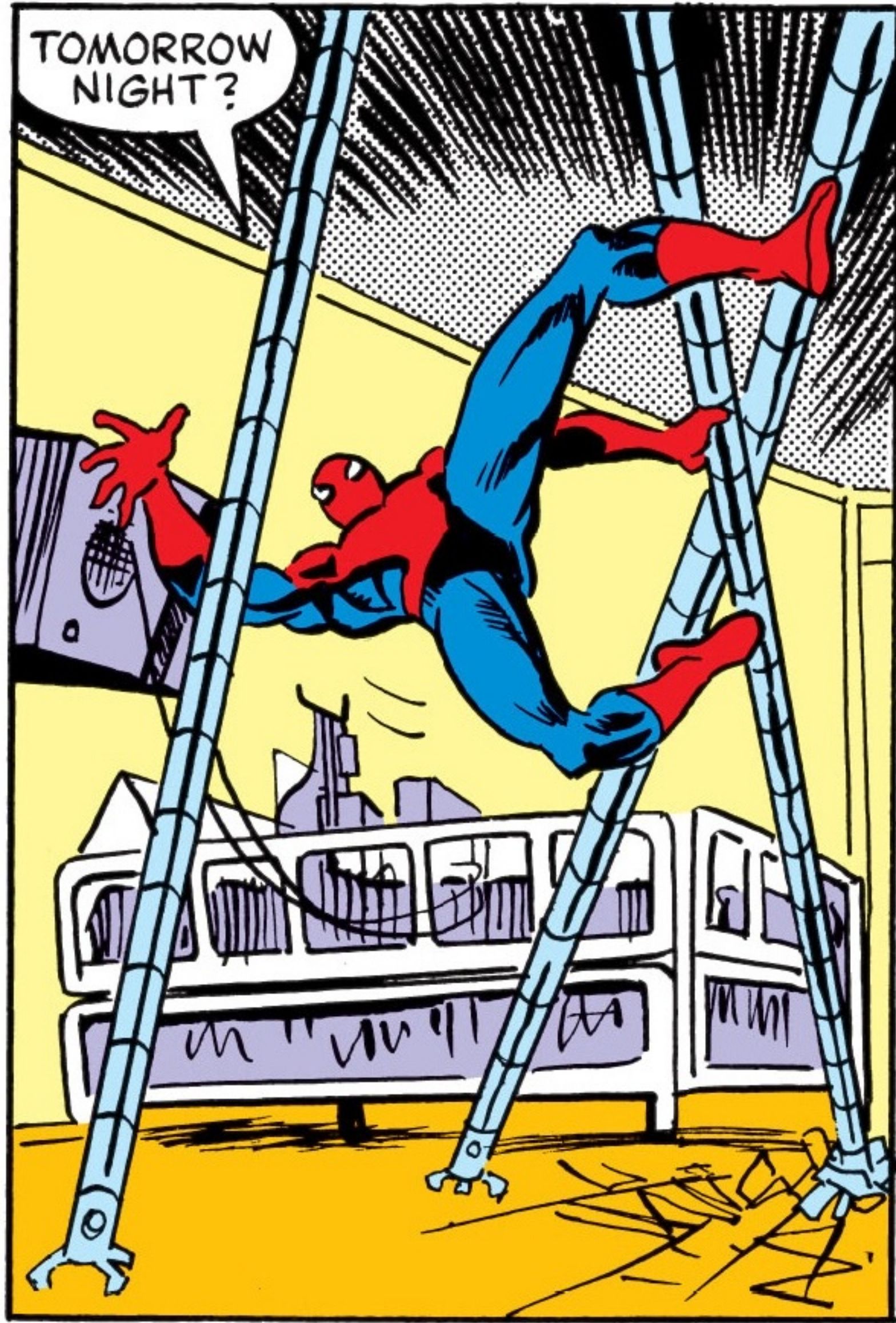
SUDDENLY...

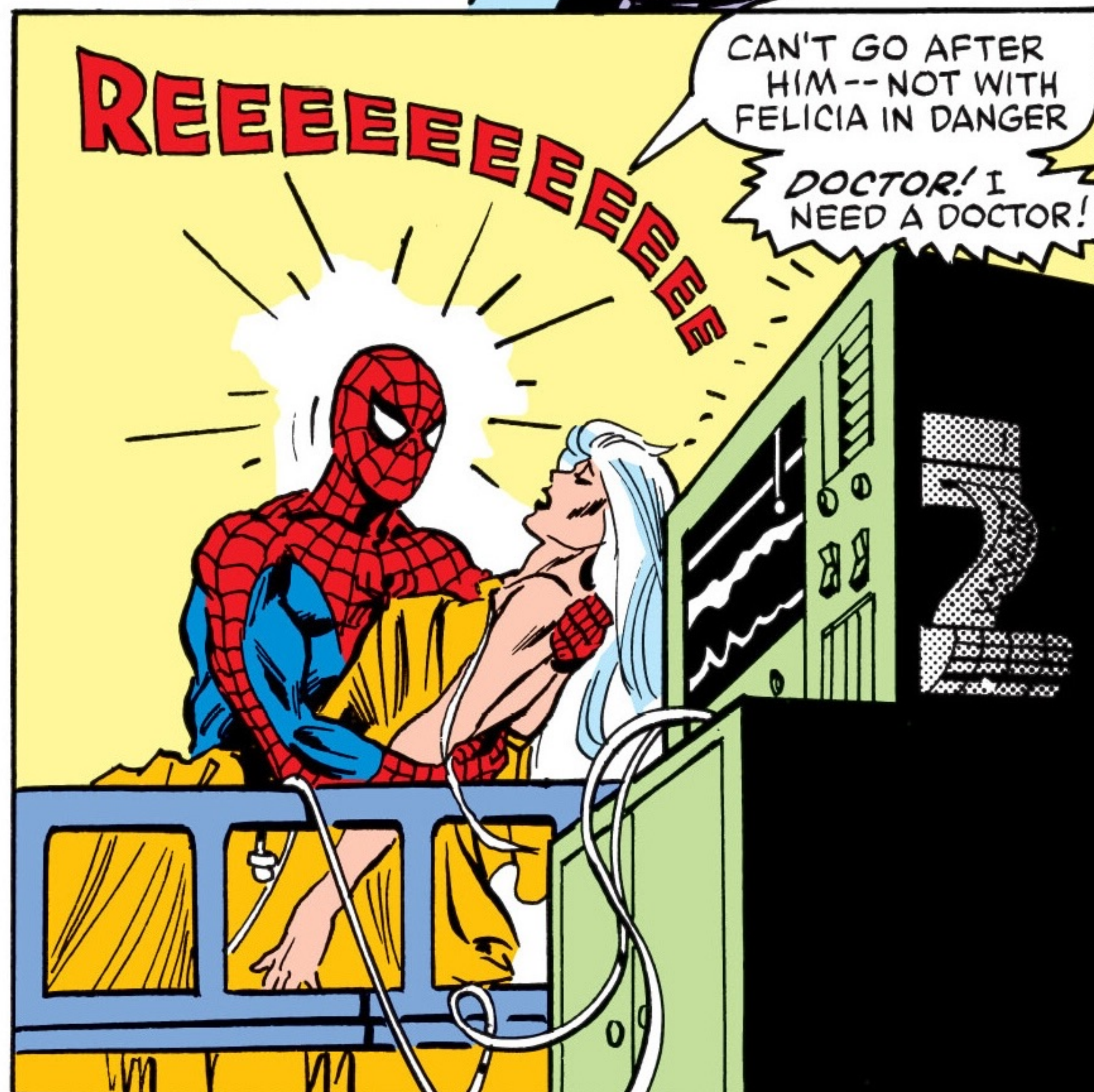
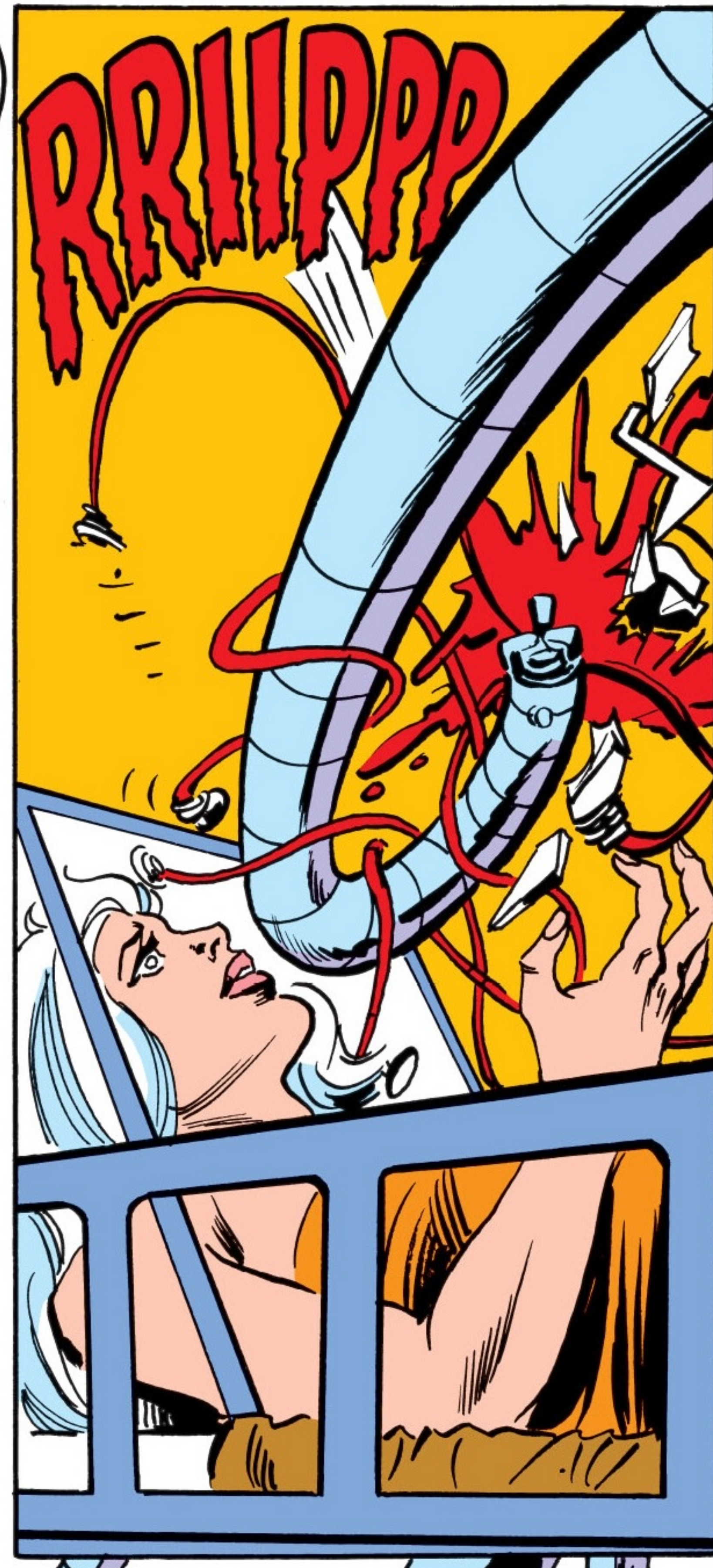
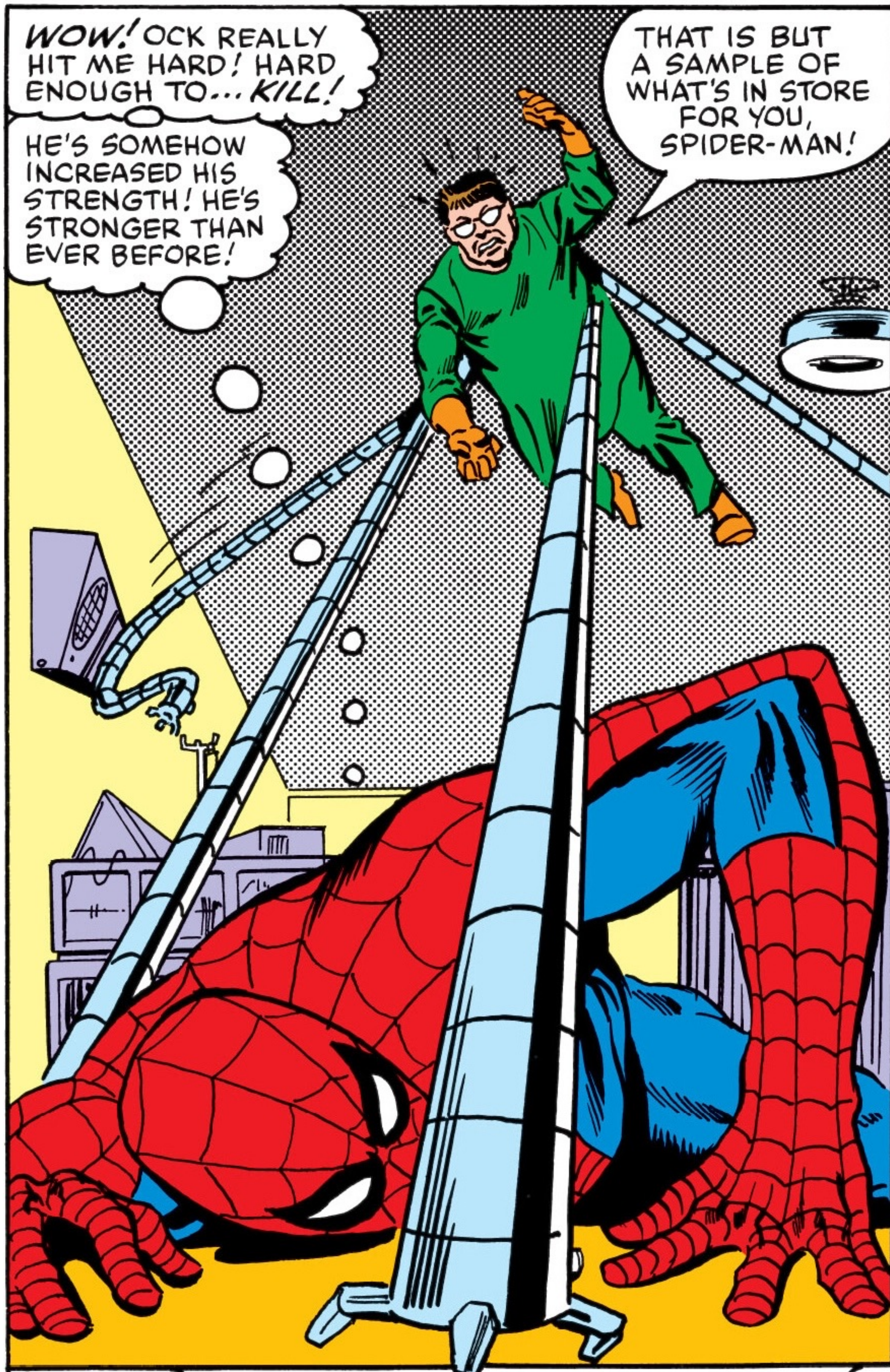
⇒MMNNN⇐
...N-NO!

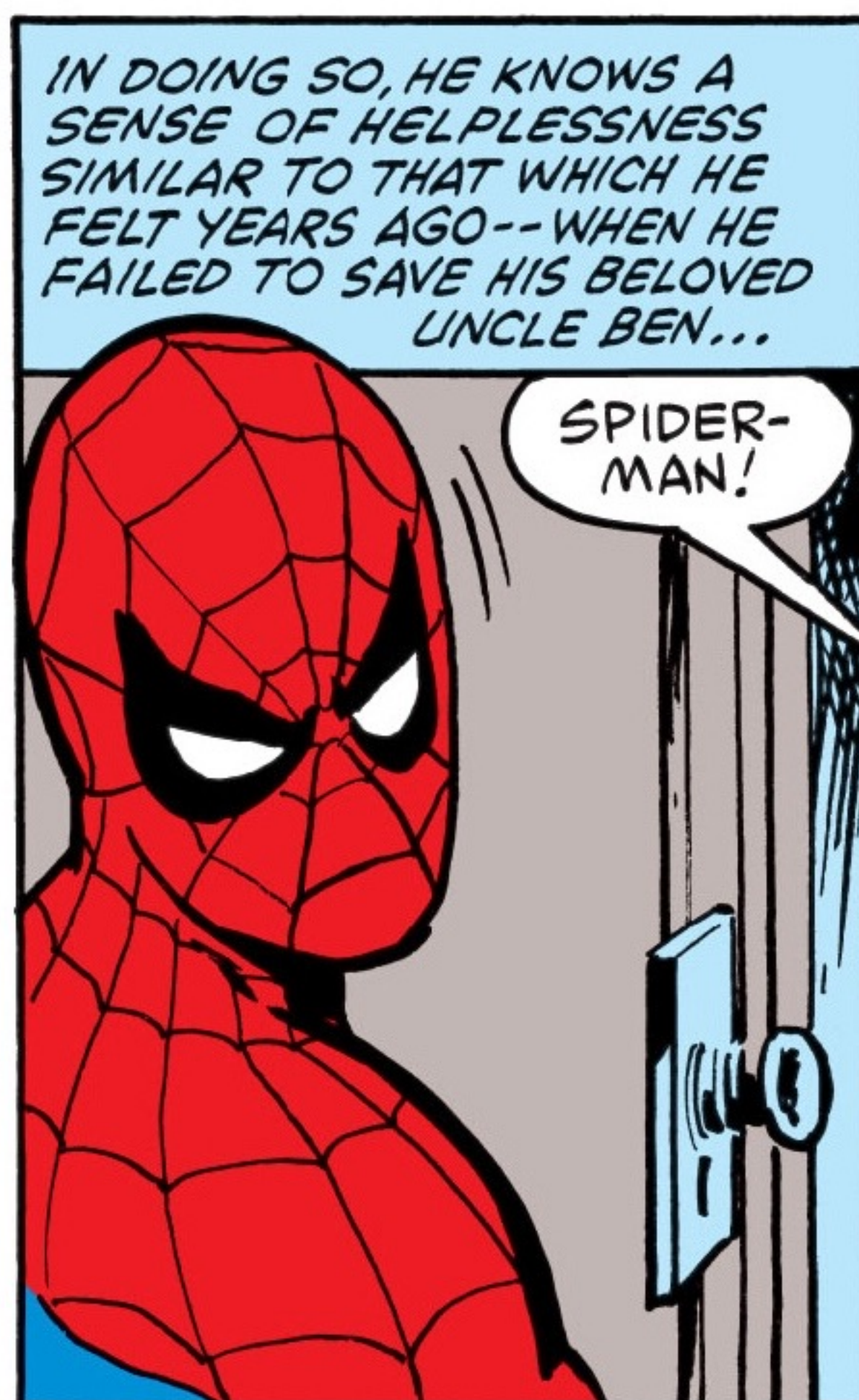
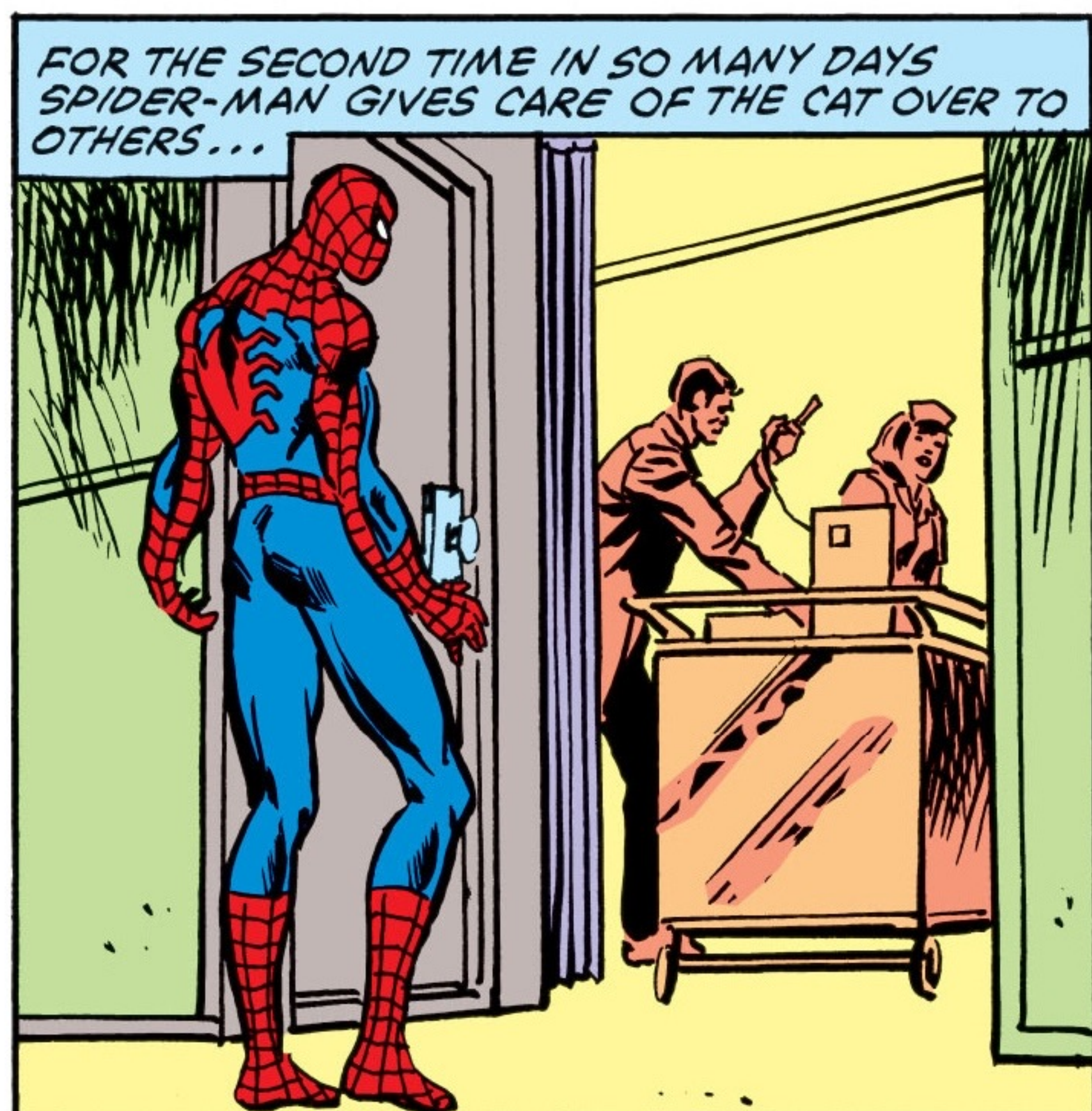
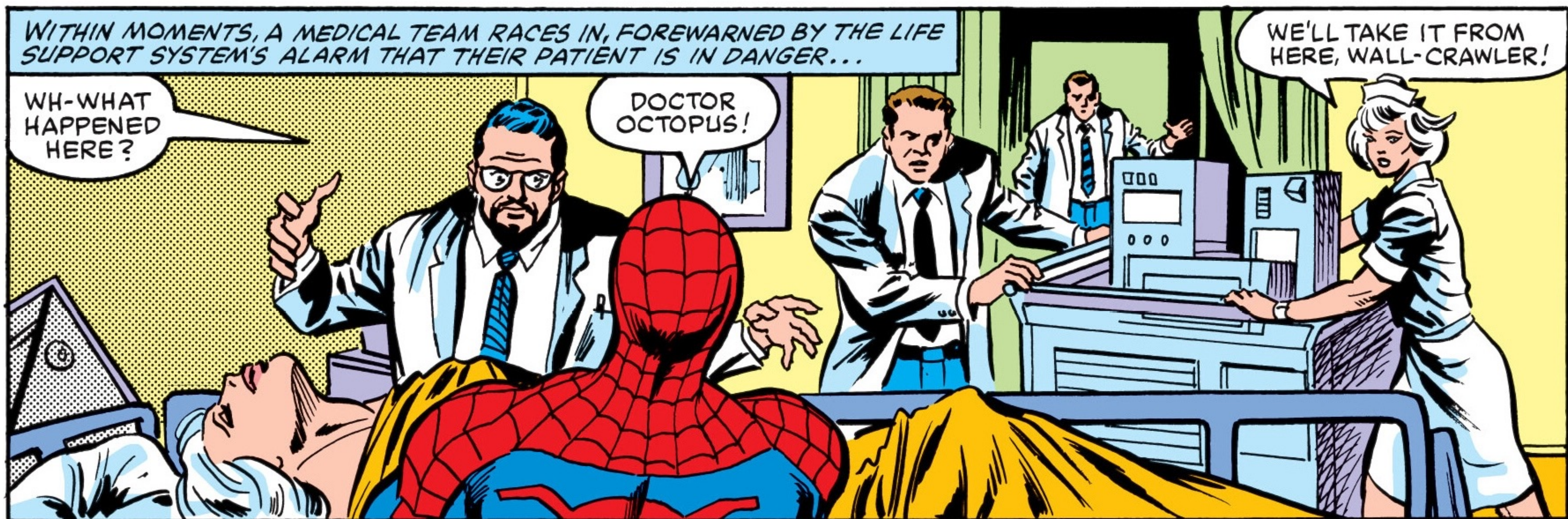




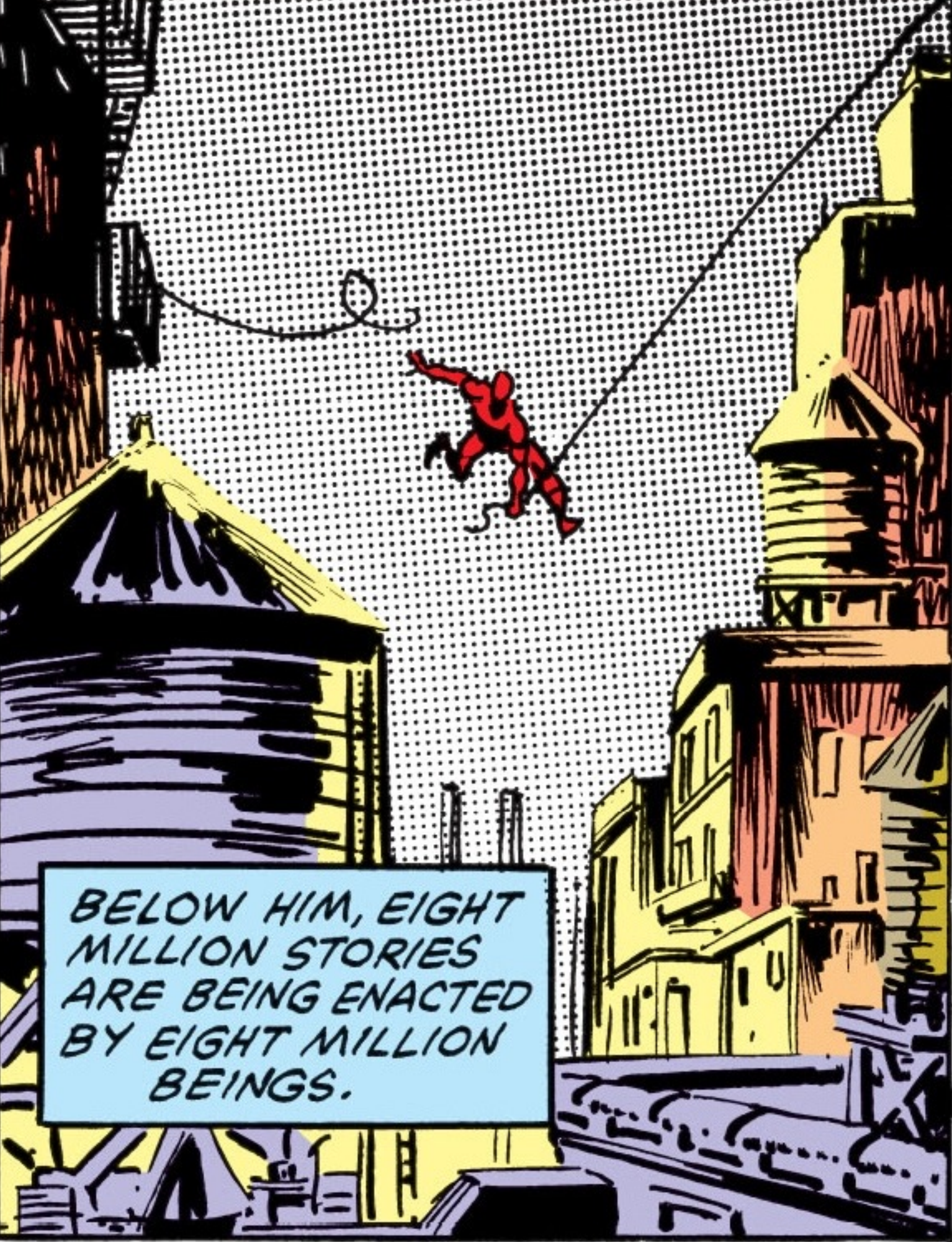






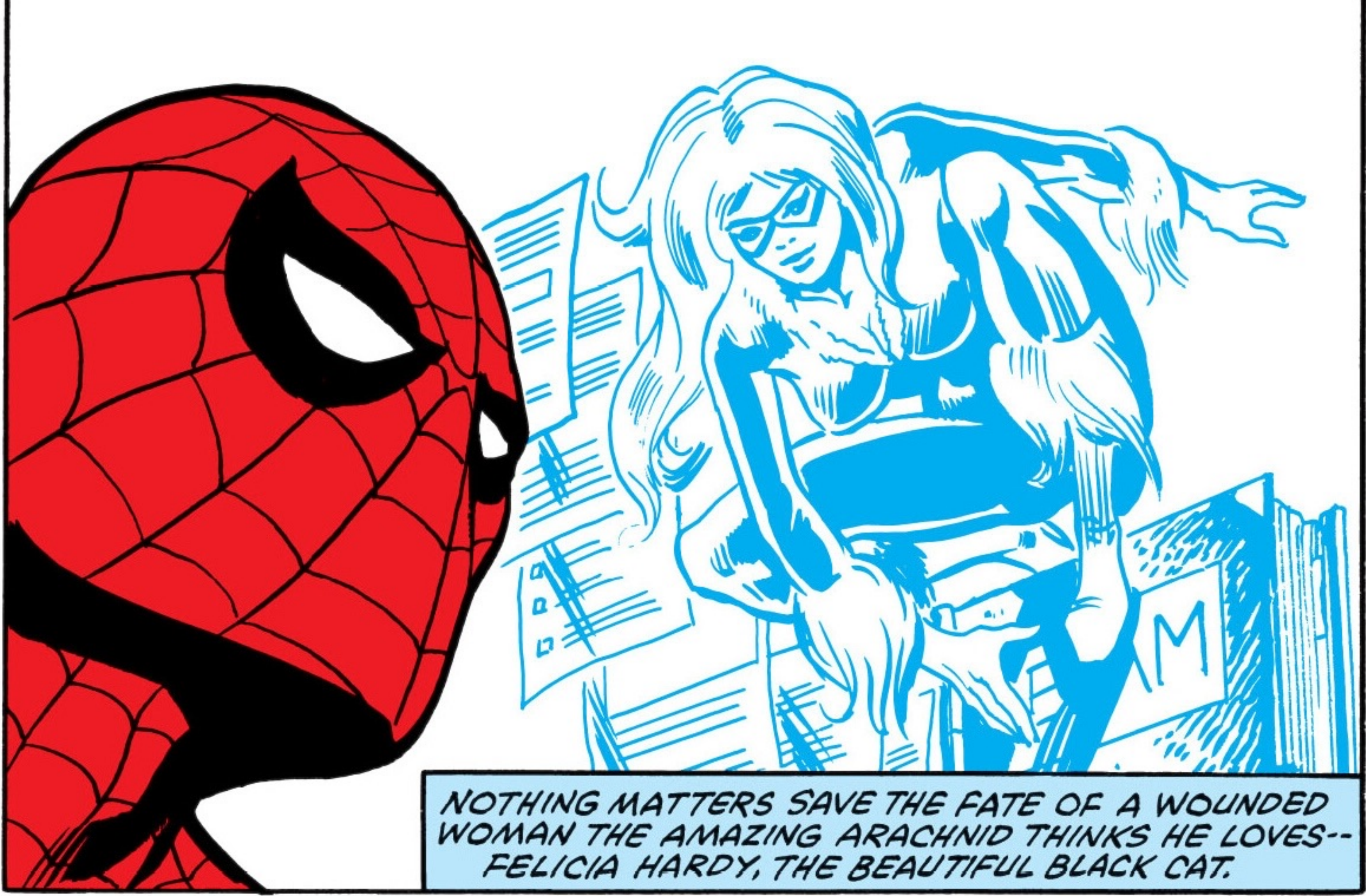


A SLENDER STRAND OF WEBBING CARRIES THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN THROUGH THE NIGHT.



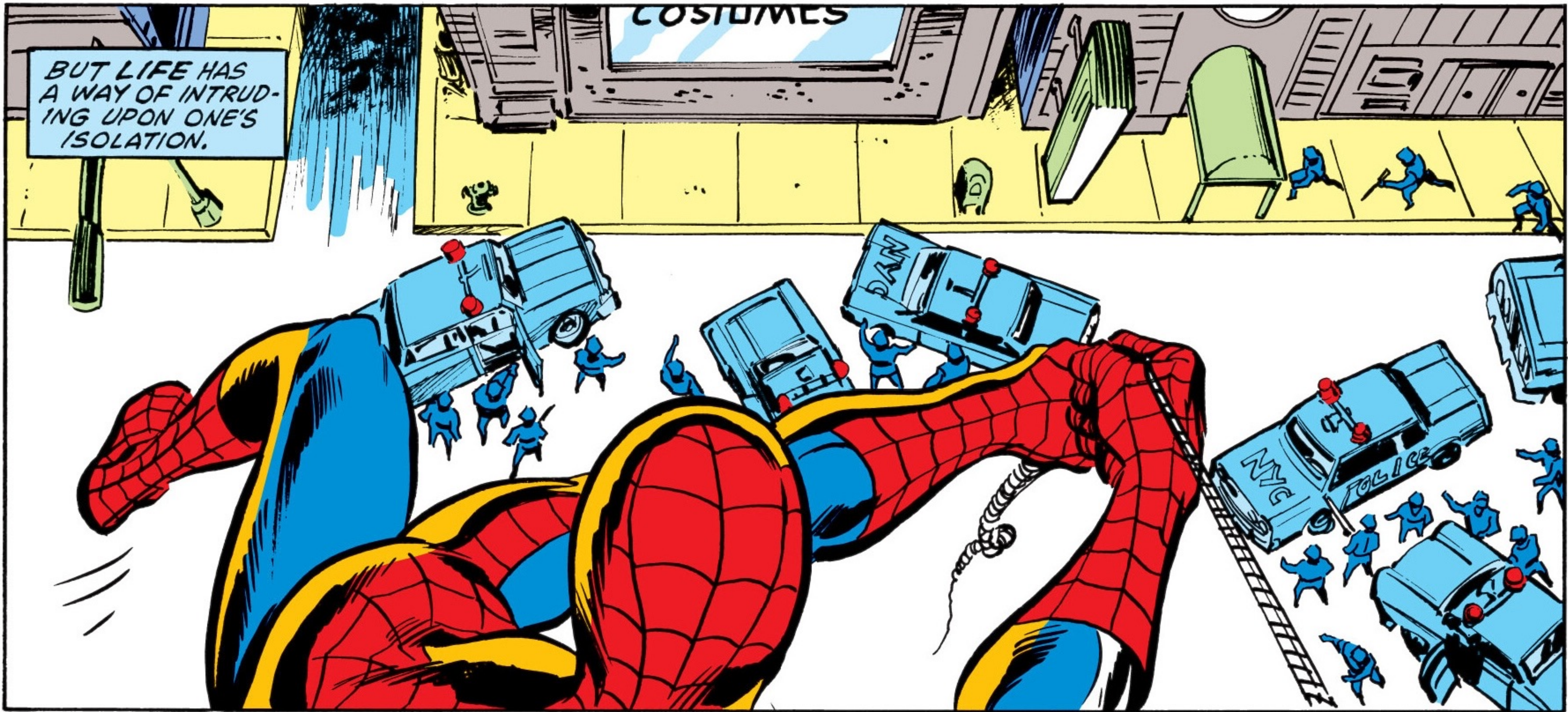
BELOW HIM, EIGHT MILLION STORIES ARE BEING ENACTED BY EIGHT MILLION BEINGS.

BUT THOSE TALES ARE AS INSIGNIFICANT TO HIM NOW AS ARE HIS PHOTO WORK, HIS GRADUATE STUDIES, AND HIS CAREER...



NOTHING MATTERS SAVE THE FATE OF A WOUNDED WOMAN THE AMAZING ARACHNID THINKS HE LOVES-- FELICIA HARDY, THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK CAT.

BUT LIFE HAS A WAY OF INTRUDING UPON ONE'S ISOLATION.



WONDER WHAT'S UP?



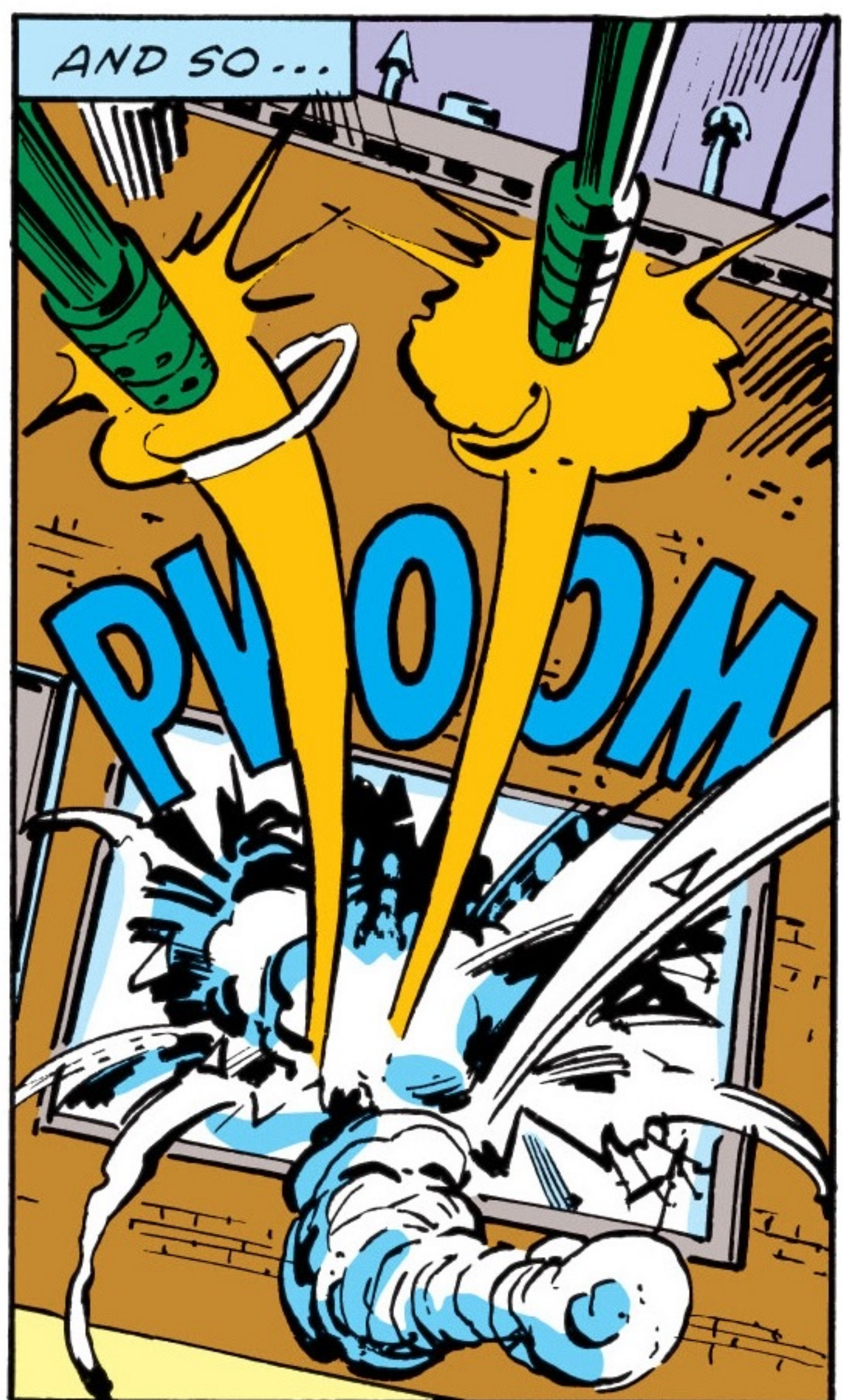
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

COME OUT--OR WE'LL USE TEAR GAS!



NO ANSWER...

AND SO...





BUT THEN...

GET READY!
HERE THEY
COME!



YES, HERE
THEY COME...

ALL RIGHT,
MELVIN! ⤵KOFF⤵
YOU'RE ON!

STRUT
YOUR STUFF!
GET US ⤵KOFF⤵
PAST 'EM!

YEAH! ⤵KOFF⤵
SHOW WHY YOU'RE
CALLED... **THE
GLADIATOR!**

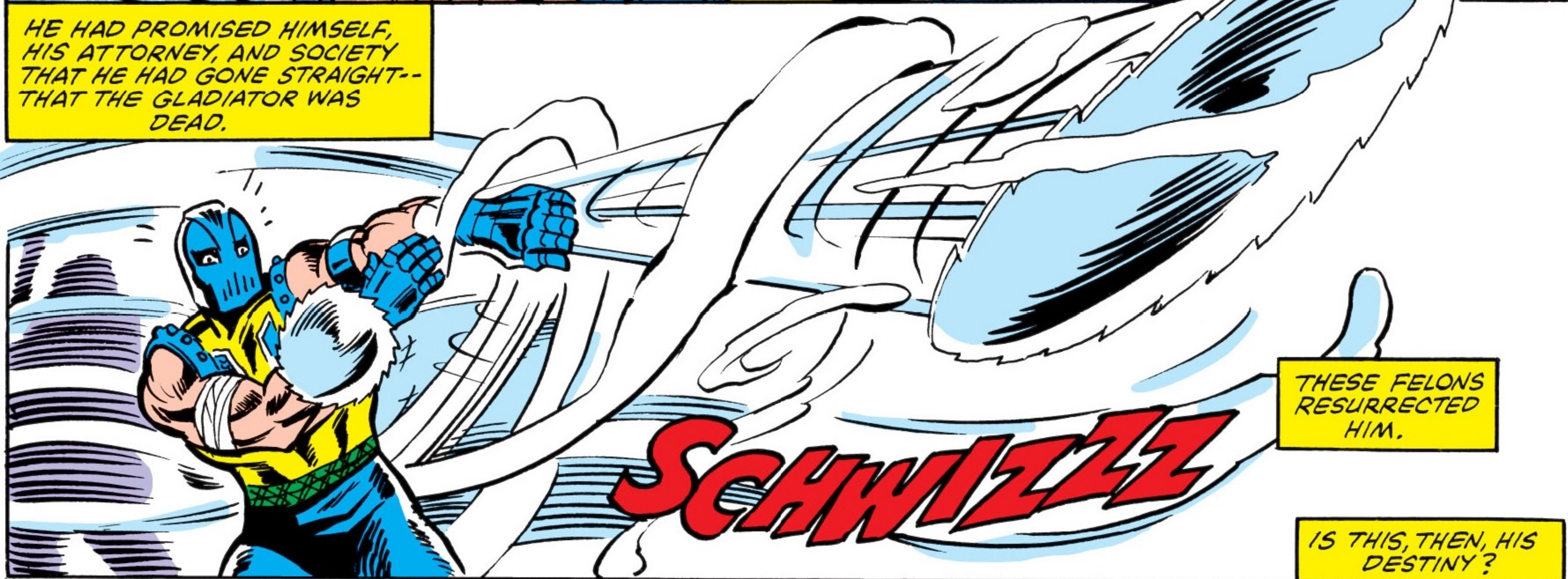


MELVIN POTTER
HAD SWORN NEVER
TO DON THE
GLADIATOR'S
ARMOR AGAIN

QUIT
STALLIN',
MELVIN!

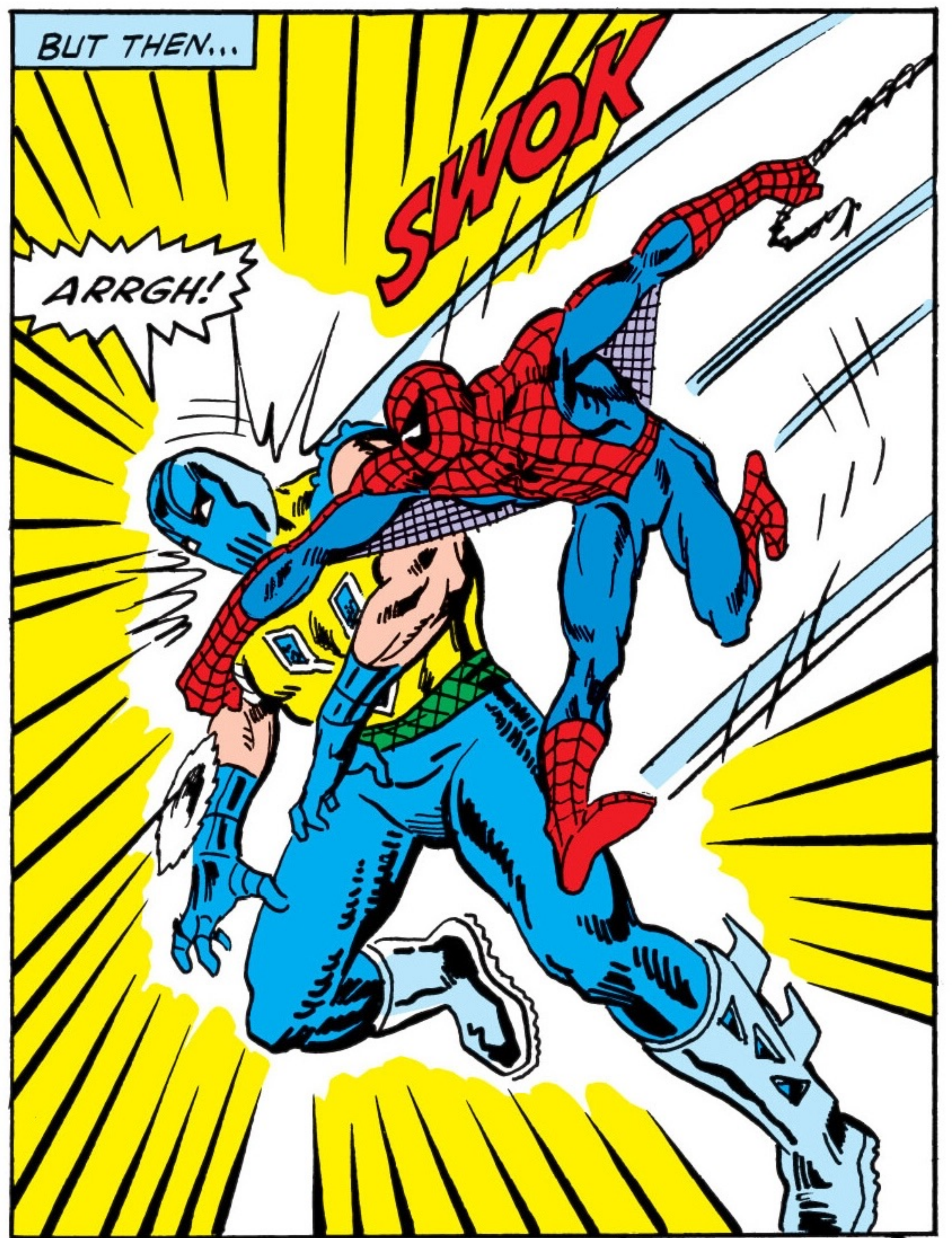
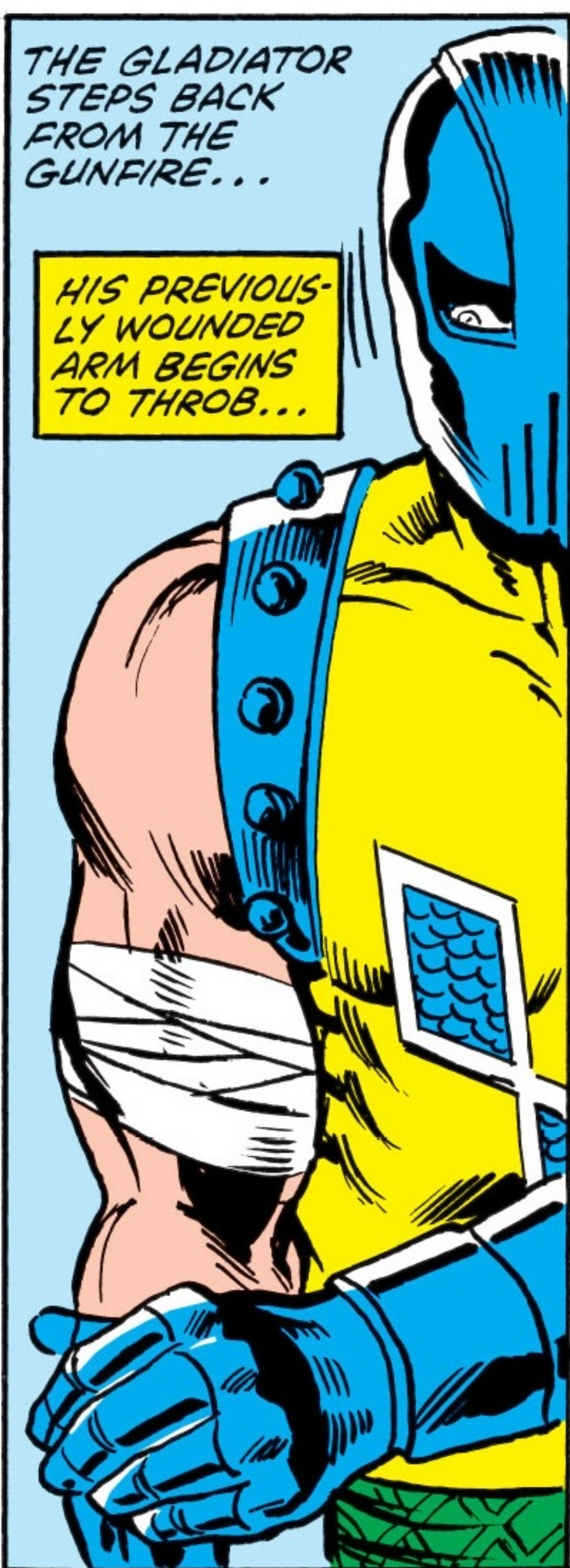
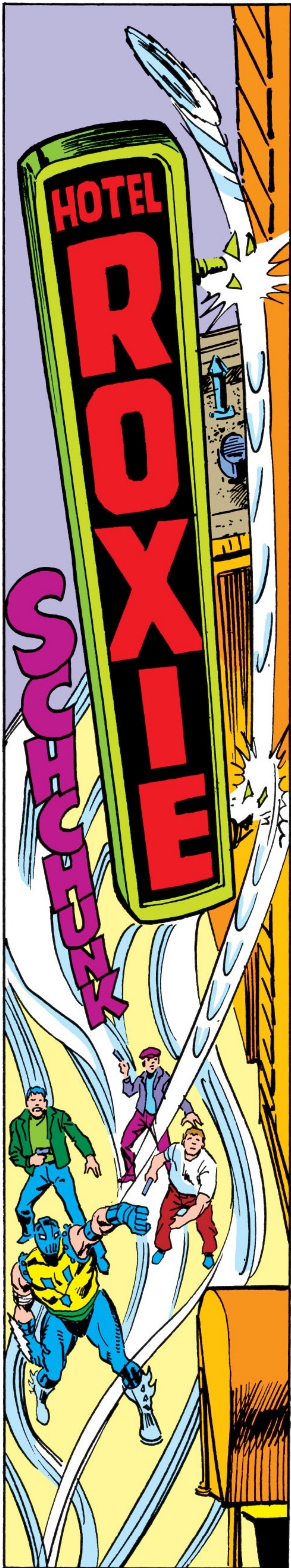
YEAH! STOP
⤵KOFF⤵ PRETENDIN'
YOUR HEART
AIN'T IN THIS!

HE HAD PROMISED HIMSELF,
HIS ATTORNEY, AND SOCIETY
THAT HE HAD GONE STRAIGHT--
THAT THE GLADIATOR WAS
DEAD.

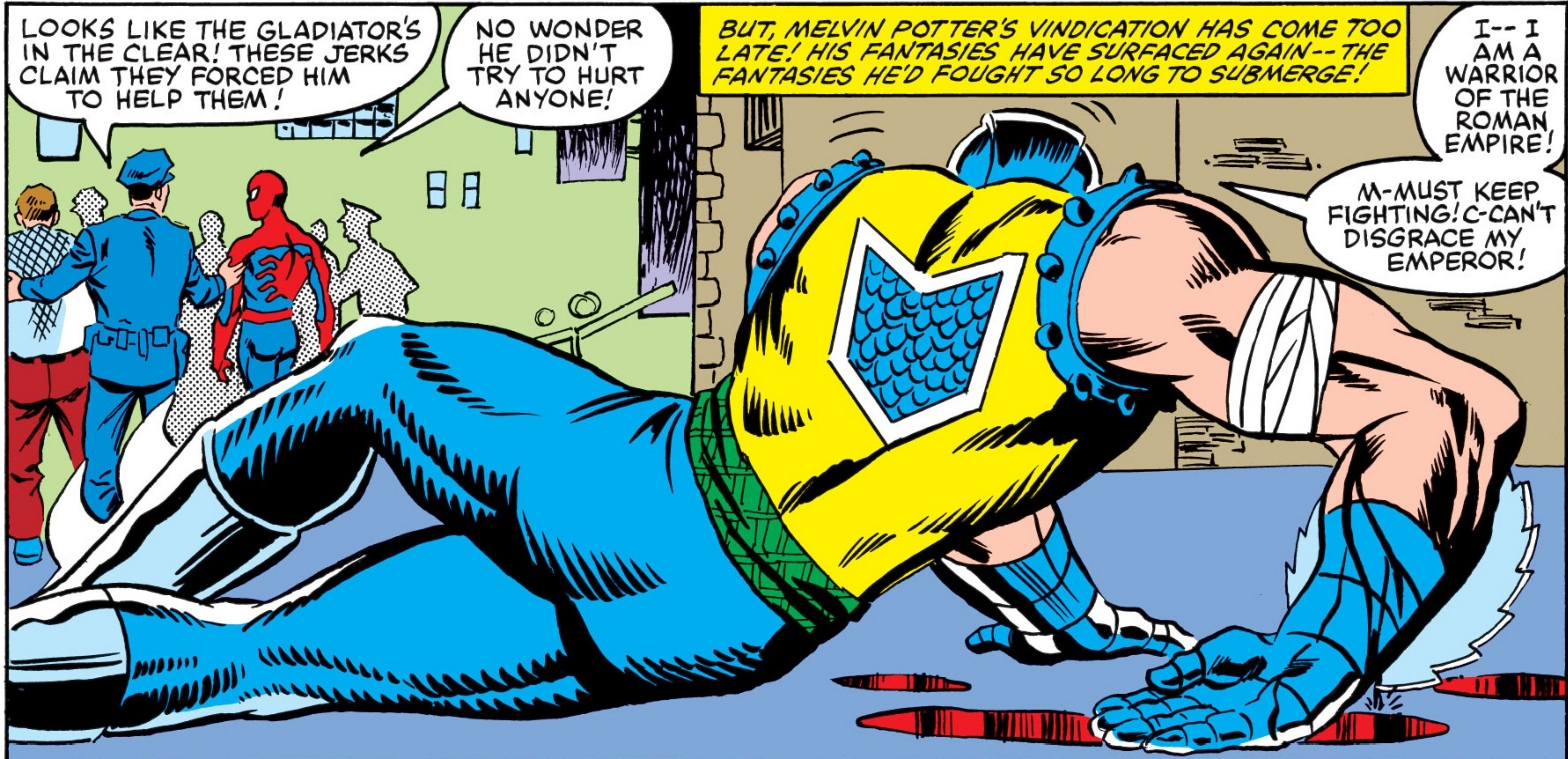


THESE FELONS
RESURRECTED
HIM.

IS THIS, THEN, HIS
DESTINY?







LOOKS LIKE THE GLADIATOR'S IN THE CLEAR! THESE JERKS CLAIM THEY FORCED HIM TO HELP THEM!

NO WONDER HE DIDN'T TRY TO HURT ANYONE!

BUT, MELVIN POTTER'S VINDICATION HAS COME TOO LATE! HIS FANTASIES HAVE SURFACED AGAIN-- THE FANTASIES HE'D FOUGHT SO LONG TO SUBMERGE!

I-- I AM A WARRIOR OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

M-MUST KEEP FIGHTING! C-CAN'T DISGRACE MY EMPEROR!



HE IS NO LONGER MELVIN POTTER! HE IS ONLY THE GLADIATOR!

HE EXISTS ONLY TO DO BATTLE... UNTO DEATH!

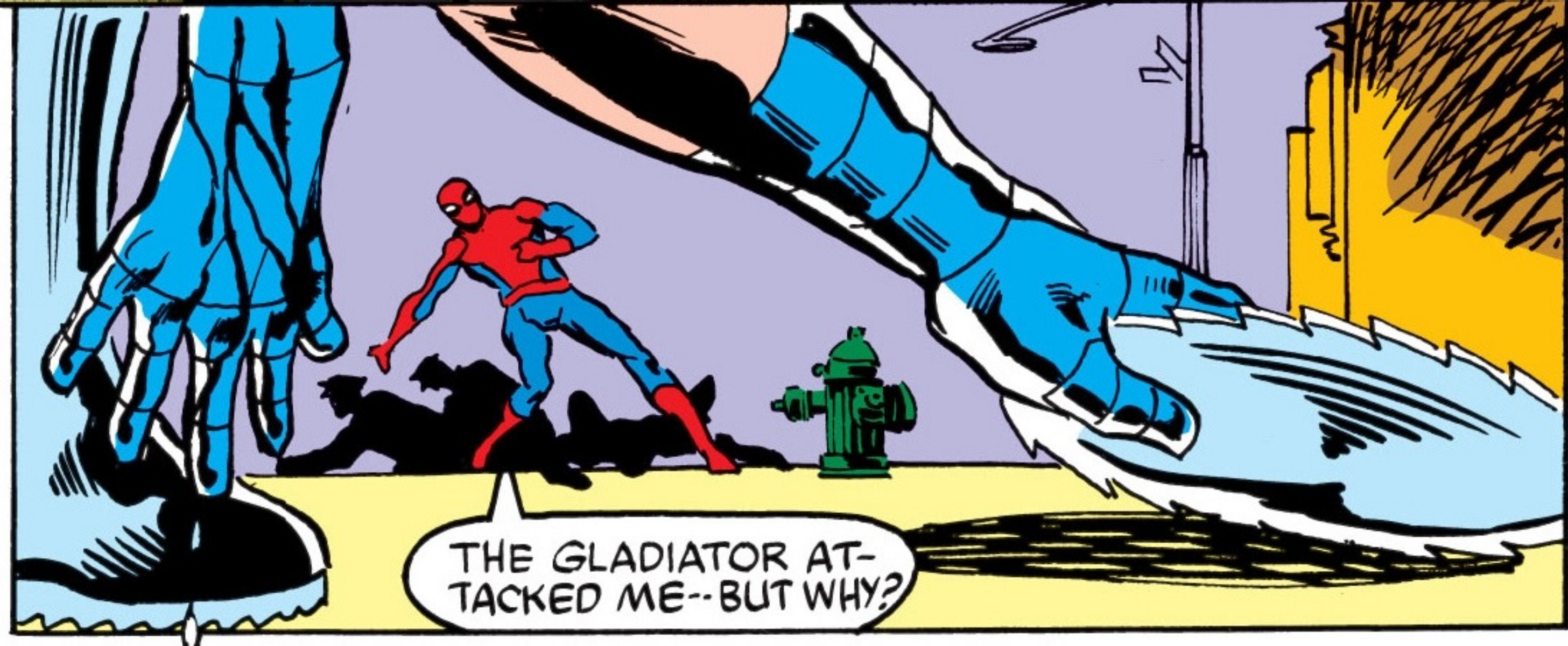
DANGER -- BEHIND ME!



MY SPIDER-SENSE WARNED ME IN PLENTY OF TIME TO LEAP TO SAFETY-- BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THESE COPS BEHIND!

GET DOWN! HURRY!

WHAT THE--?!



THE GLADIATOR ATTACKED ME-- BUT WHY?

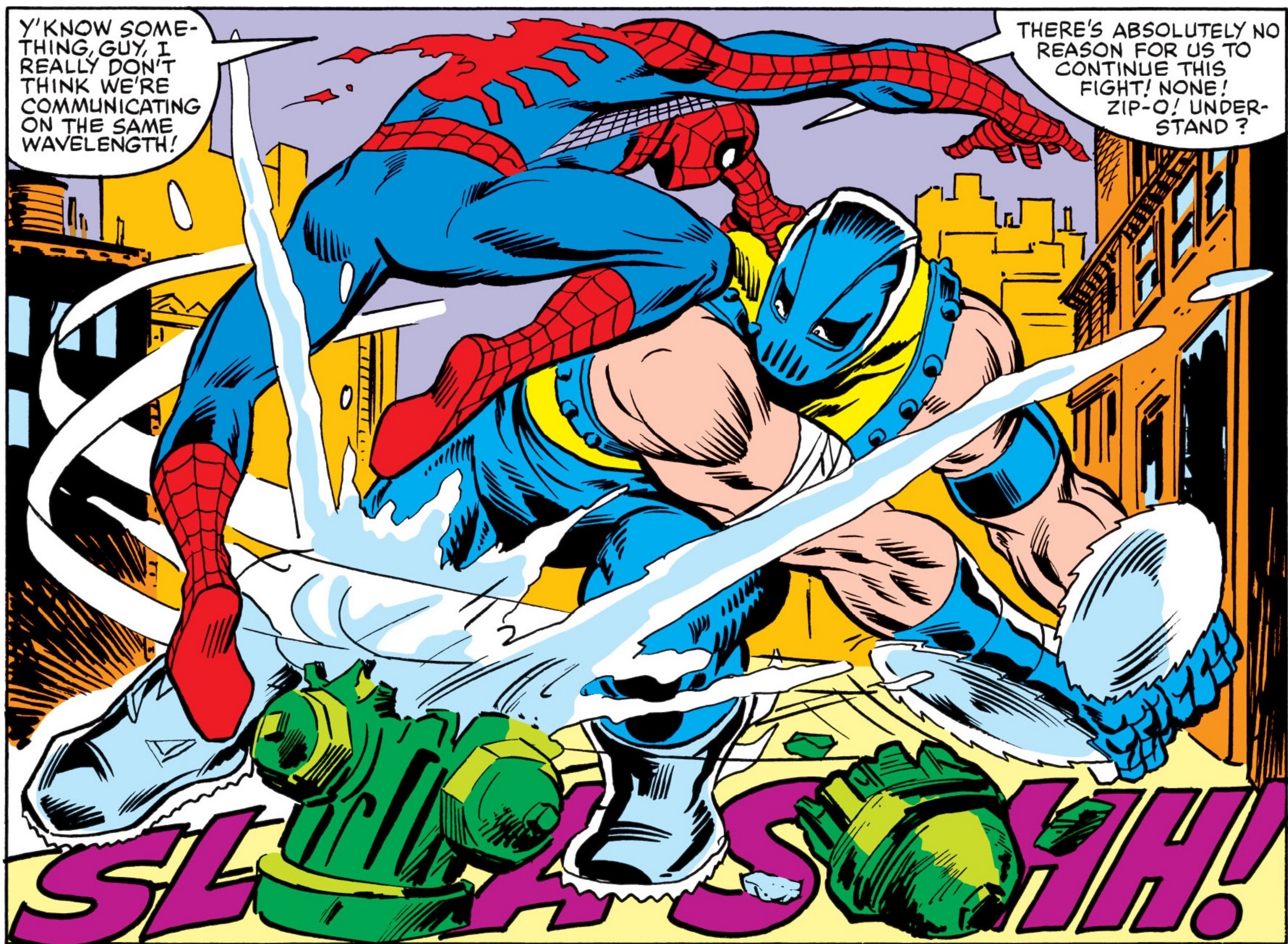


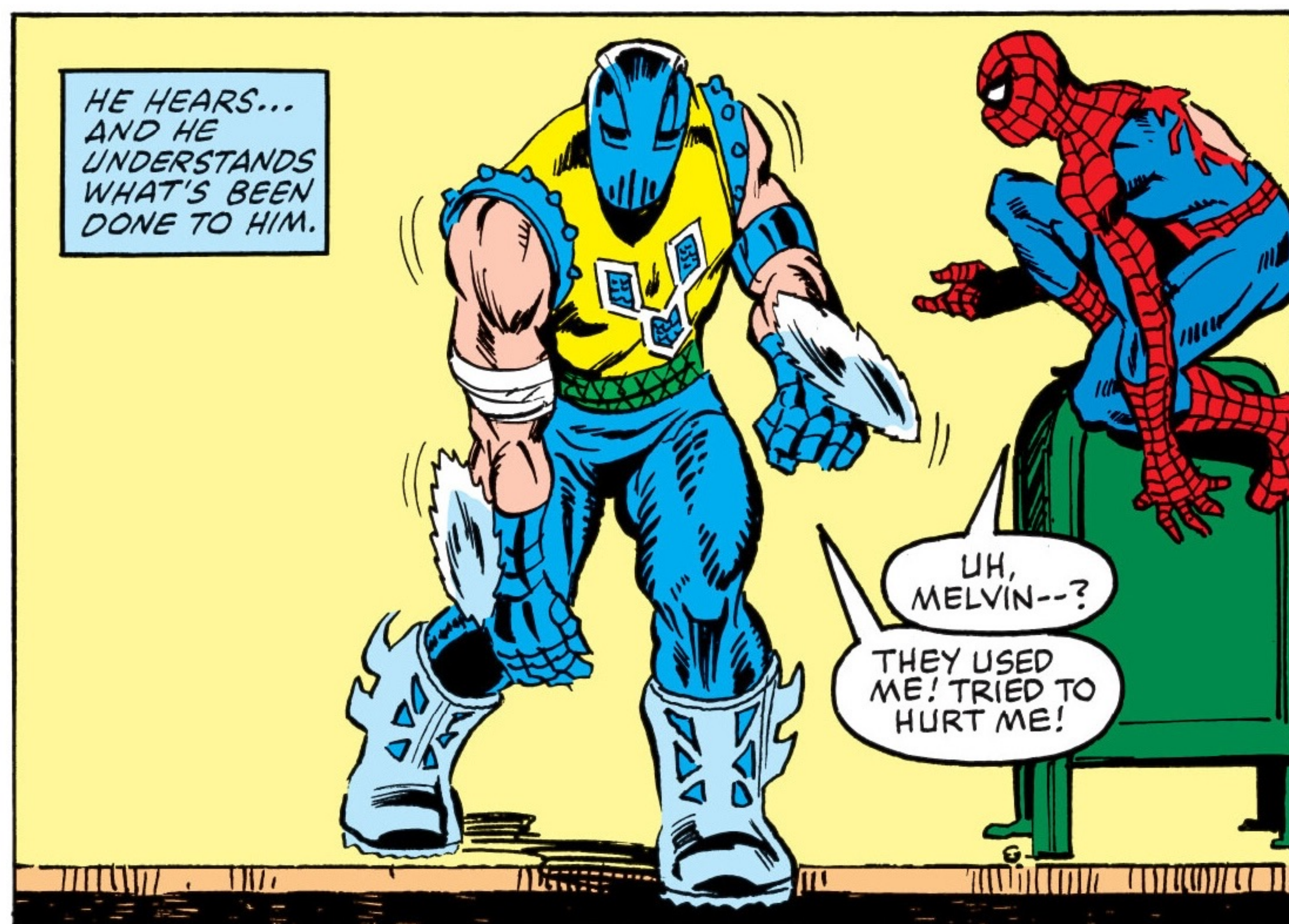
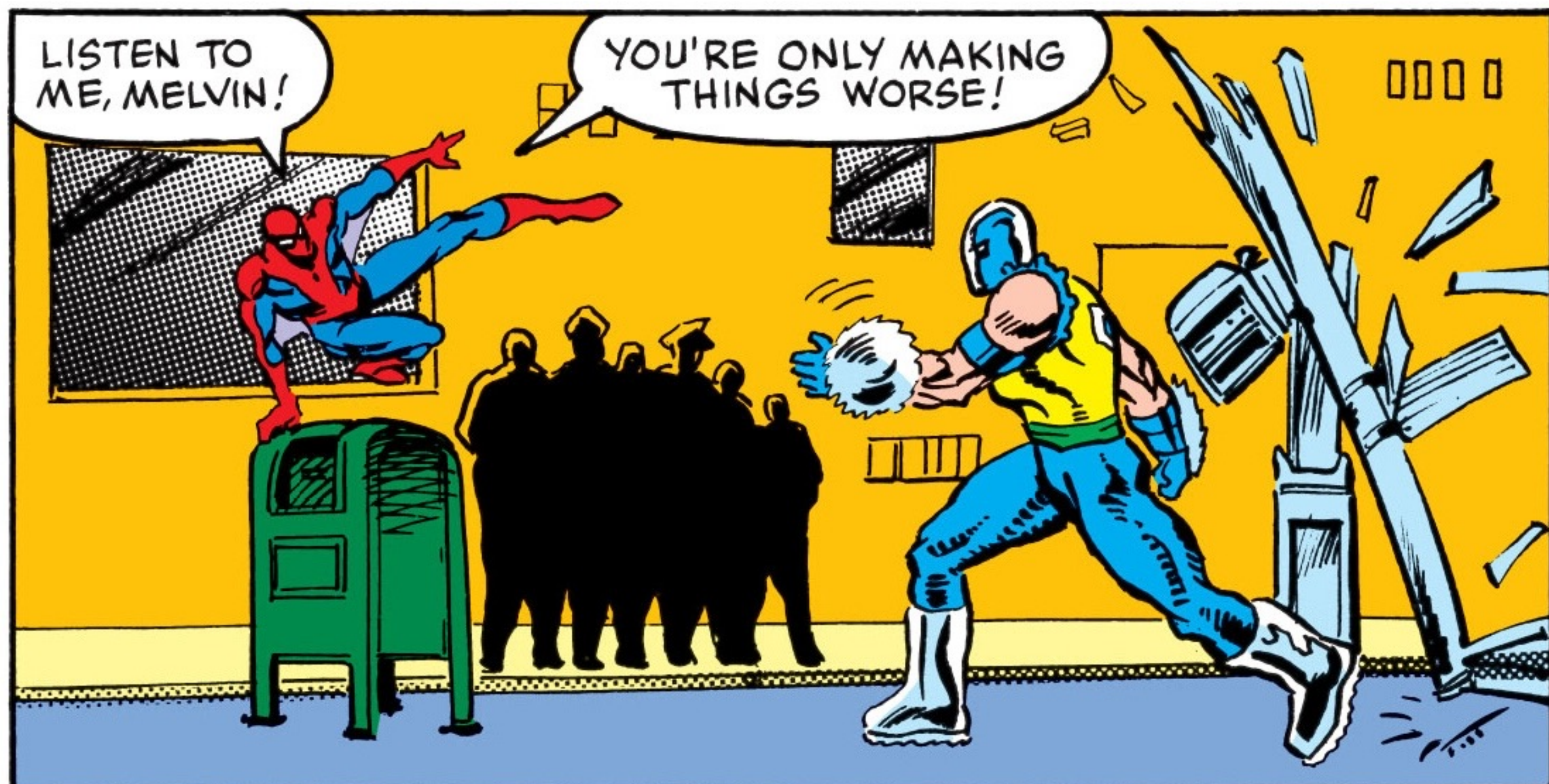
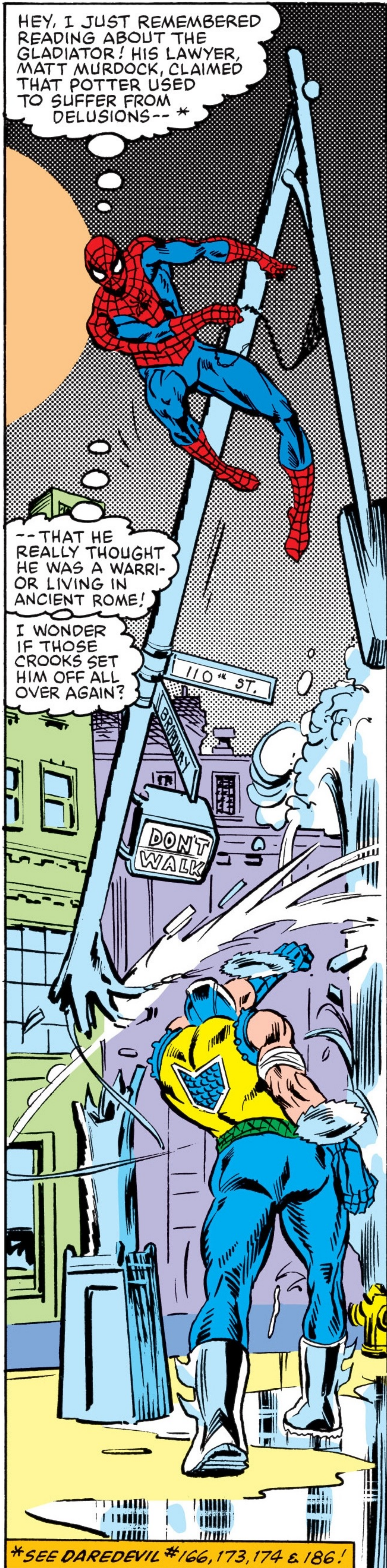
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, MAN?

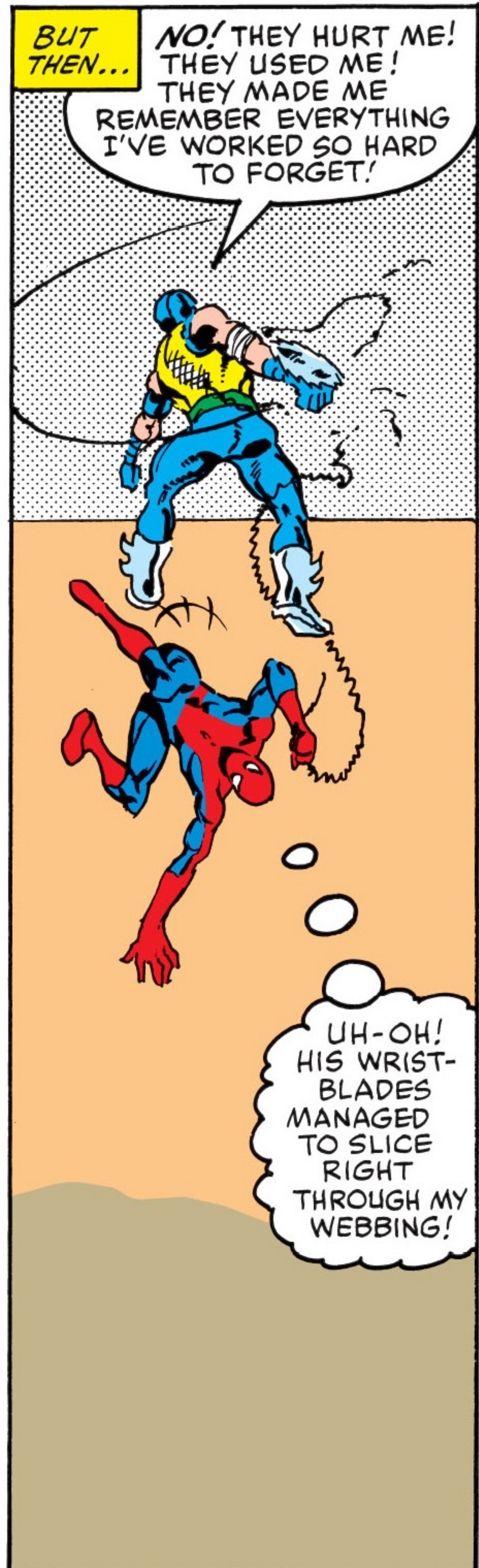
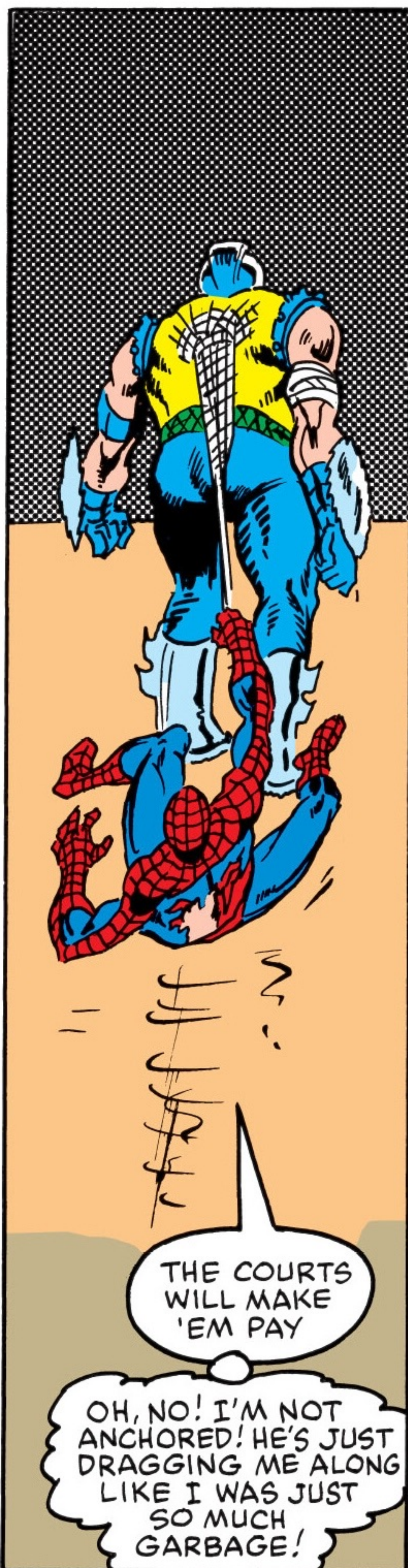
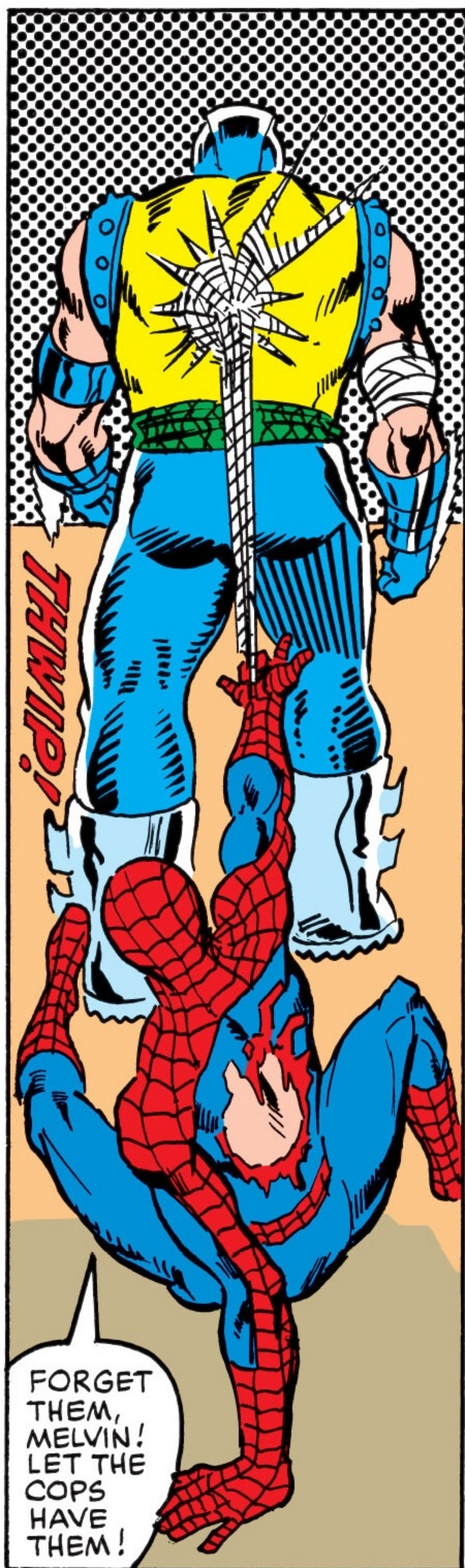
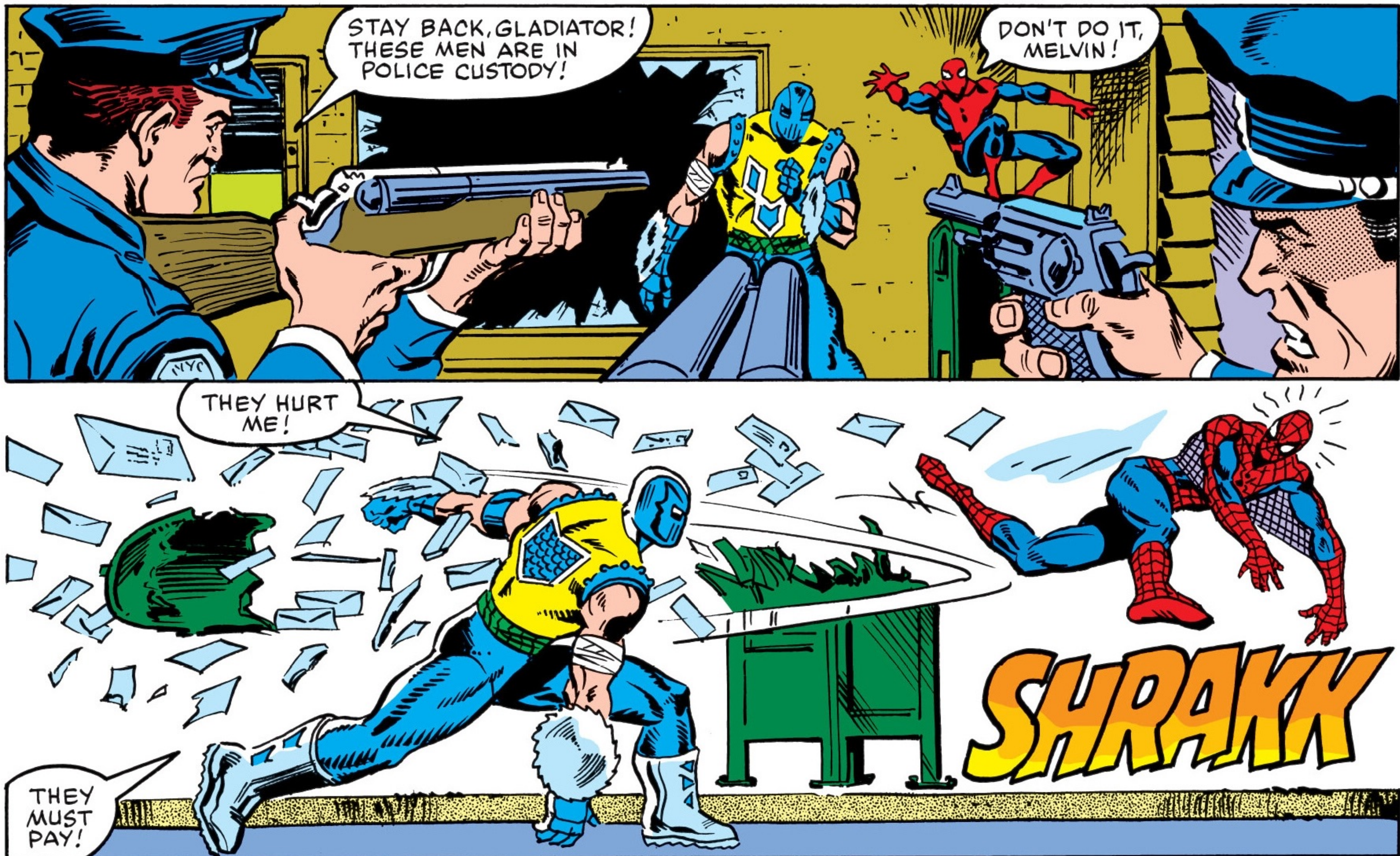
WE KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT! WHY'D YOU DO IT?

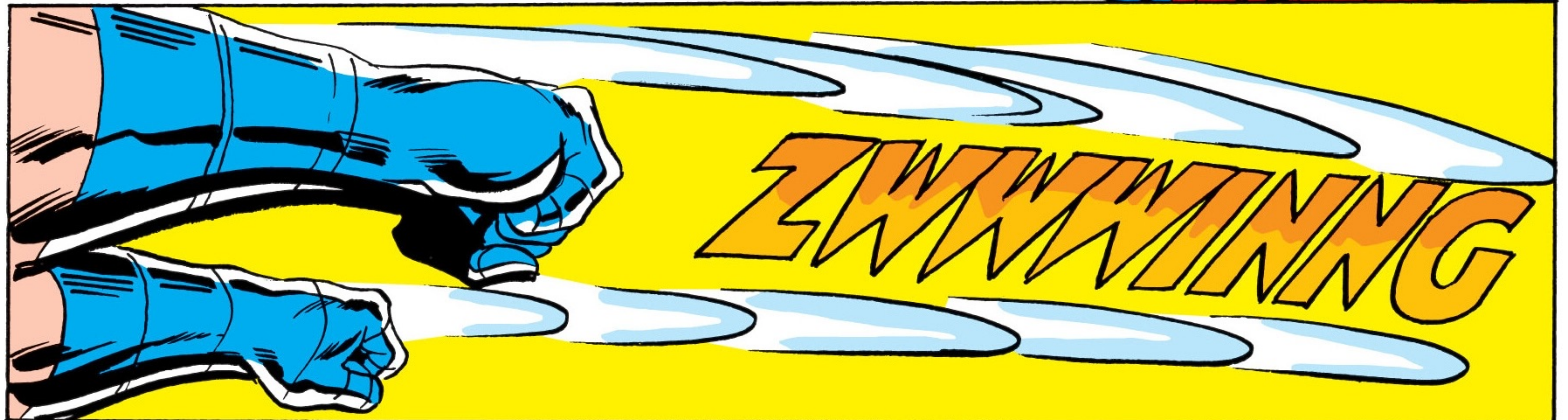
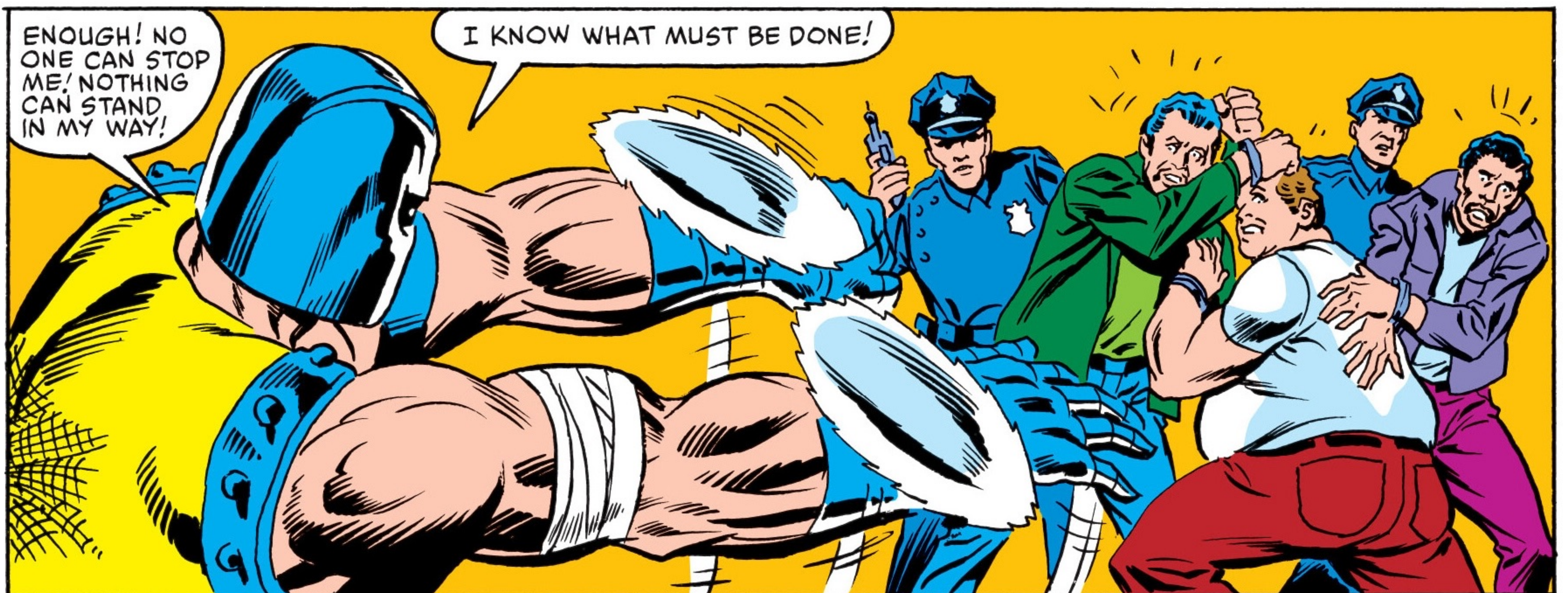
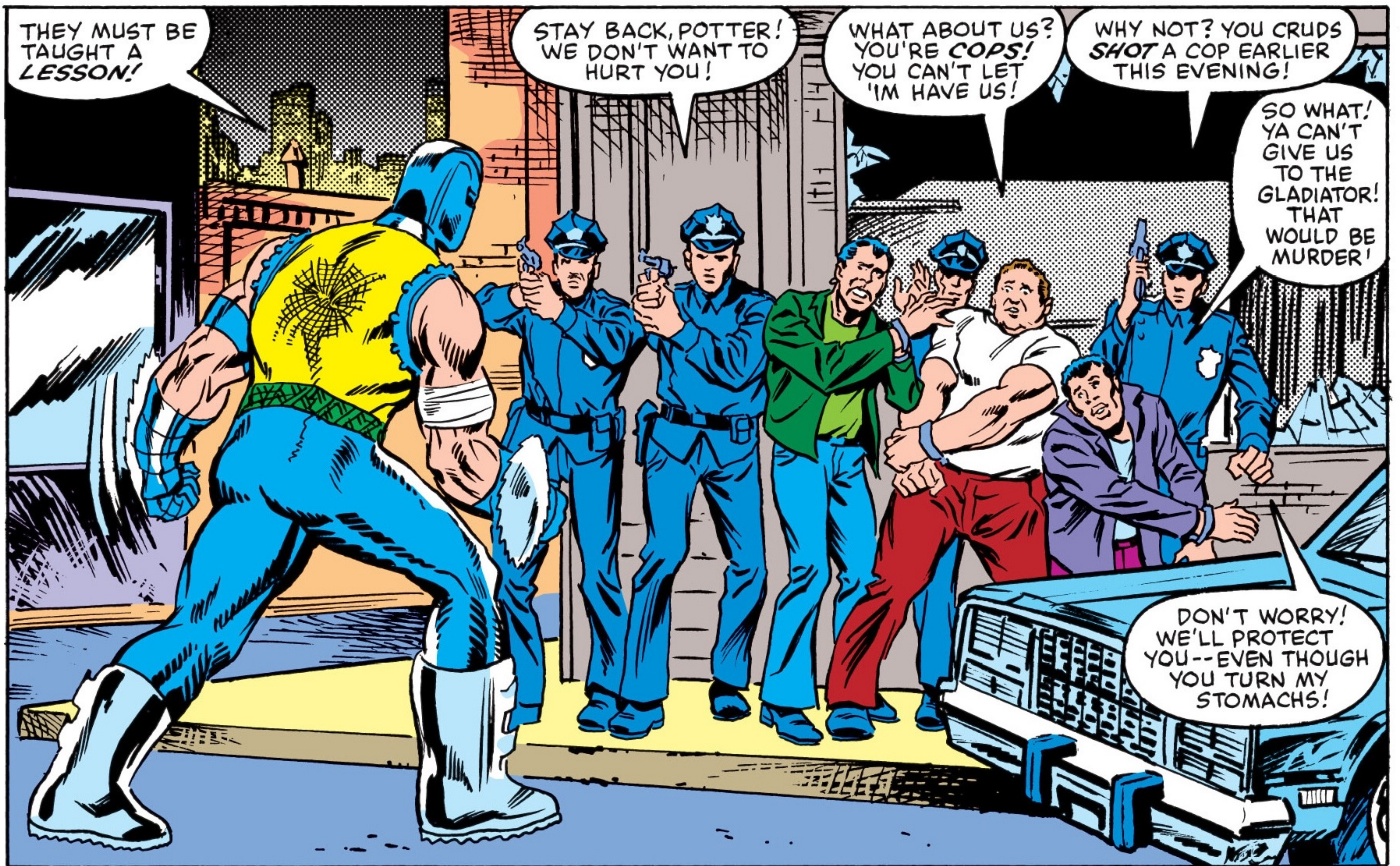


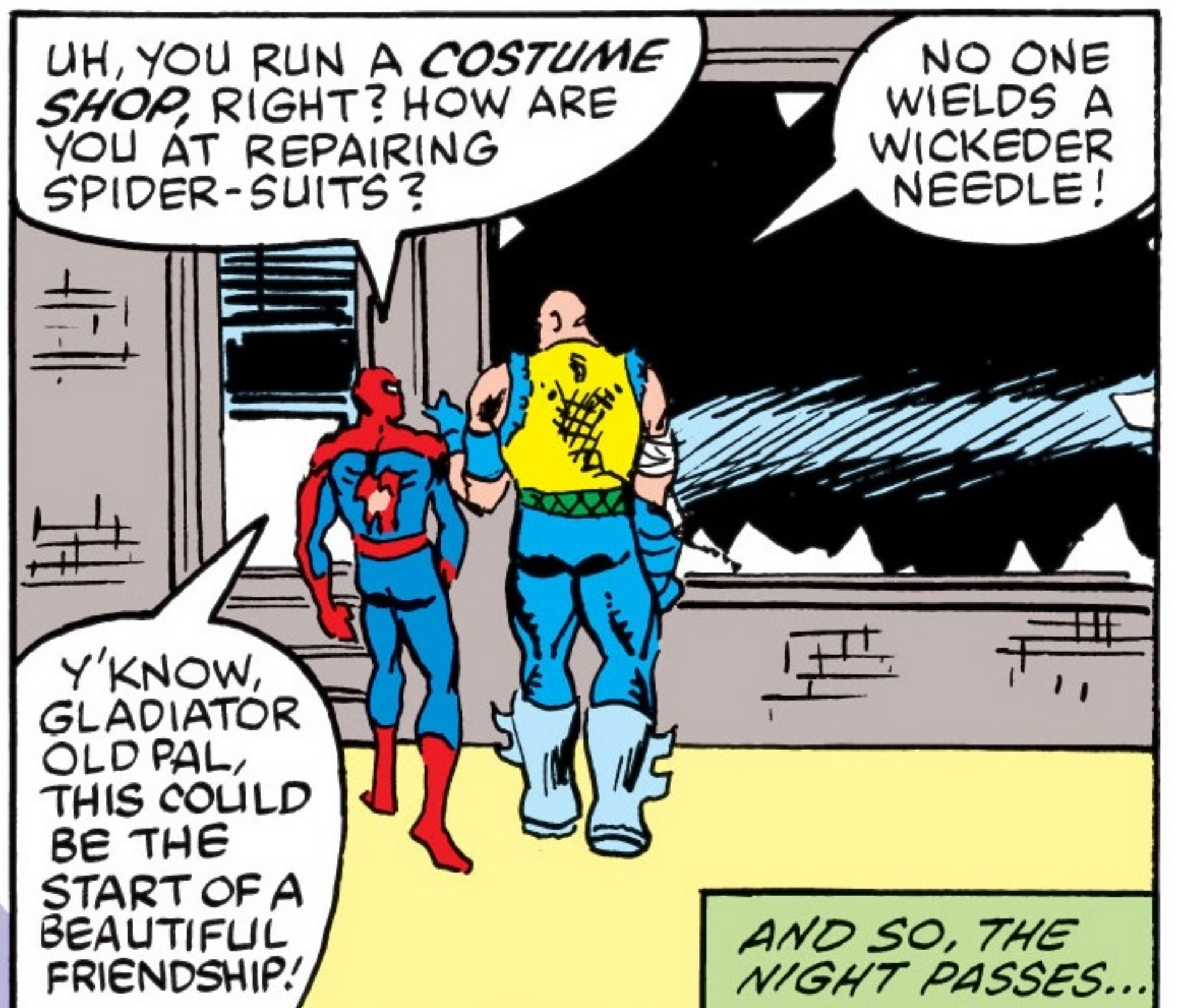
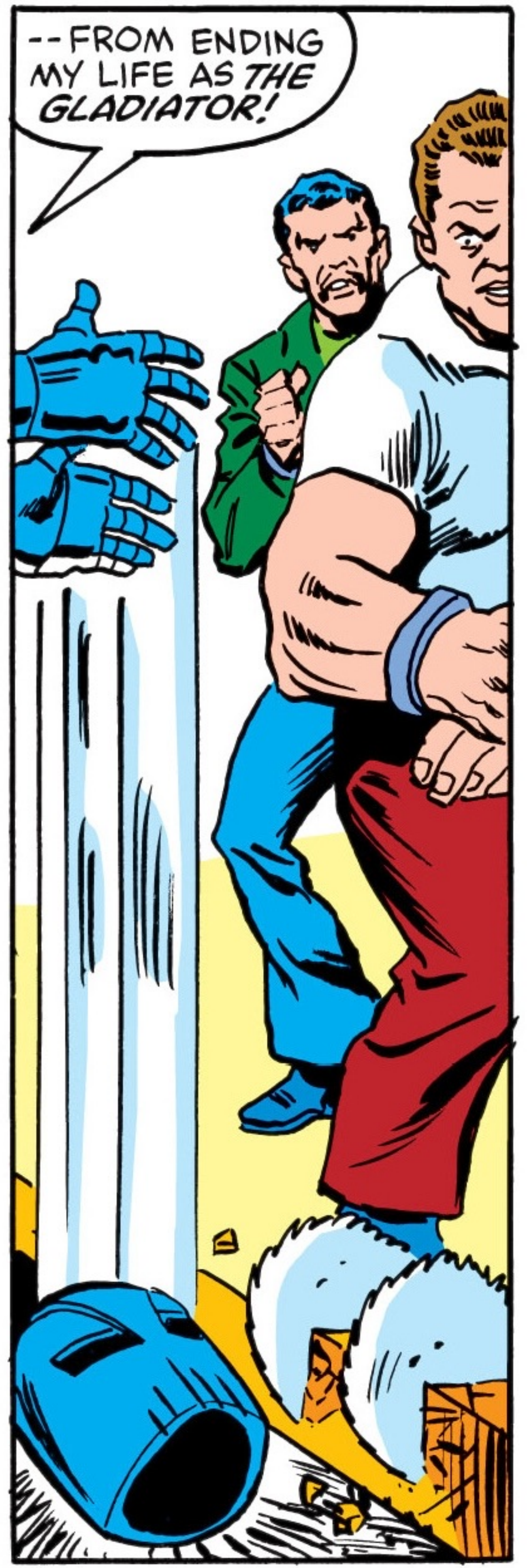
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE? THERE'S NO REASON TO FIGHT ANYMORE!











TOMORROW: THE LONG GOODBYE!